

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly?  
Ask for My Magazine—Edited by Arthur Mee

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls*

Number 293

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## FREE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE INSIDE

### ROUND A CONTINENT ON A HORSE

#### AN ENGLISHMAN'S GREAT RIDE

A Bold Traveller and What  
He Will See

#### THE WAY COOK WENT

A young Englishman named Poulton proposes to ride round Australia on horseback. He will travel about ten thousand miles, and hopes to do it in two years.

Much of his journey, especially that across the desolate Commonwealth Territory in the north, will be terribly lonely, but much will be very beautiful, and above all it will be rich in historic associations, especially at the beginning and the end.

Mr. Poulton is to start from Sydney, with its narrow streets, more European than Colonial, and its fine parks, looking out on one of the world's most magnificent natural harbours—the port which Captain Cook saw in 1770, but did not enter. He could hardly have dreamed what a Land of Promise it was, or he would not have been content to remain outside of it, like Moses.

#### Parallel to Cook's Course

Before he can turn north, our man on horseback must go west, crossing countless bridges over arms of the Parramatta estuary. Onwards through Newcastle, Brisbane, and Rockhampton, to Cairns, he will be riding parallel to the northward course of Captain Cook's ship Endeavour, to its first anchorage after Botany Bay, off Moreton Island.

At Brisbane, capital of Queensland, the horseman will be 25 miles from the mouth of the river of the same name flowing into Moreton Bay, which through contrary winds Cook left unexplored.

Striking westward at Cairns, Mr. Poulton will miss by 60 miles Cape Tribulation, where the Endeavour grounded and was almost wrecked, and where Cook put into the river named after his ship and thoroughly overhauled her.

#### Memories of the Old Explorers

Cutting across the base of the Cape York Peninsula, Mr. Poulton will miss, too, the far-northern point at which Cook took leave of Australia to return to England through Torres Strait, named after the Portuguese navigator who sailed it more than a century before Cook, believing himself to have missed entirely the fabled great southern continent of which he had come in search.

Skirting the huge Gulf of Carpentaria, crossing the largely barren Northern Territory, and all down the north-western and western coasts, this lonely horseman will find memories of the Dutch explorers who, from their bases in Java and New Guinea, throughout most of the seventeenth century were exploring and mapping the coast before

ever an Englishman came near to it. He will see the mainland nearest to the "Dampier Archipelago" whose name commemorates the explorations of Australia's first English visitor, William Dampier, who sailed the coast from Sharks Bay to Roebuck Bay and brought home so doleful an account of the barrenness of this great new land as to stop all explorers for a generation.

And so he will go on, across the Swan River, discovered by a Dutchman in 1695, where Perth, the last of the State capitals, daughter of the Swan River Settlement of 1829, bestrides its waters, forming a gateway to the West Australian goldfields.

Then he will take the long journey eastward again, round the great Australian Bight, round the immense Spencer and St. Vincent Gulfs, to Adelaide, beautiful on the banks of the Torrens, and on to Victoria, with the stately city of Melbourne.

Finally, if indeed he is able to persevere so far, our much-travelled horseman will pass Cape Everard, where the

Australian coast was first struck by Captain Cook and his Endeavour, and he will pass point after point discovered and named by the great seaman till Botany Bay is reached.

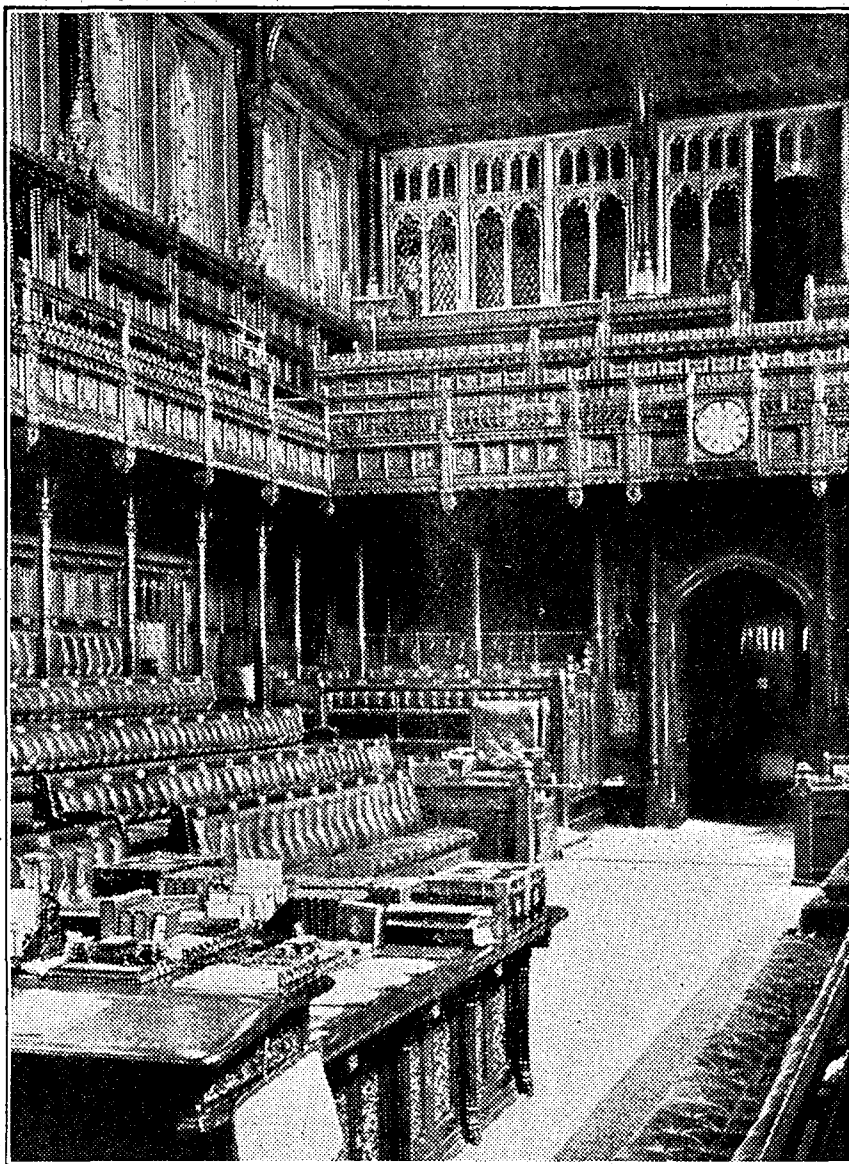
Here, in 1770, Cook had his first quaint encounter with the aborigines, and eighteen years later came the first British colonists to found a prison settlement, which took its name but not its site.

Skirting Botany Bay, again by many bridges, horseman Poulton will reach the end of his Ten-thousand-mile trip. Many will want to know how he liked it, but few will want to follow in his tracks.

#### ATLANTIC EXCURSIONS

While railway excursions in this country are few and far between, two great steamship lines have decided to run Christmas excursions from English ports to the United States and Canada.

People who have relatives on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean will be able to visit them at a cost of £35, about half the usual cheapest rate.



Parliament has been dissolved and at present there are no elected representatives of the people. The House of Commons is empty, and when the new Parliament meets there are sure to be new faces, while some of the old faces will be missing. This picture shows the empty House as seen from the Speaker's Chair

### The Empty House

### THE BOY WITH THE TORCH

How He Held It Aloft in  
the Gale

#### AN ADVENTURE OFF THE COAST OF SCOTLAND

A young lad has been paying his apprenticeship to that sternest of all masters, the sea. He was one of a crew of four working a forty-ton motor-boat along the west coast of Scotland.

In the black night a gale came up. The little vessel was no match for the Atlantic hurricane which poured its fury into the Firth of Clyde. She tossed about, shipped great seas, all but foundered, and held on her way again.

"If we could show a light," shouted the Captain, "we might get picked up."

"I'll do that," said the boy, who was the Captain's son.

They lighted a torch, and the boy went with it up into the rigging and held it there. He was pitch-forked this way and that, battered by the wind, drenched by the breakers, but he held the torch aloft until it burned down. Then he fired a rocket.

#### Captain's Son at the Pumps

There was no answering gleam from the shore or the sea. The little boat seemed alone, the only living thing in an angry world.

The Captain's son then took his turn at the pumps. He knew as well as anyone what small chance there was of their being saved. Four hours passed while they strove thus to keep the vessel from foundering.

They put on their lifebelts and worked in silence, watching alternately for death and the dawn.

Then the Mercy that watches over those who go down to the sea in ships took that little motor-boat and flung her safe on the sands of Ayr.

The exhausted crew have recovered and are at work again, the boy among them, stiffened, strengthened. If the spirits of those who have faced great odds were witnessing the struggle, they must surely have smiled in the darkness and said "Pass, friend."

#### FLYING FOR SCOUTS

#### The Air Ministry has a New Idea

There is glorious news for Boy Scouts. The Air Ministry has decided to promote the formation of Scout Flying Clubs, with the idea of teaching Scouts the mechanism and handling of aeroplanes.

Eight of these clubs will be formed at first, but lecturers on aviation are to make a tour of the secondary schools and of boy's clubs and institutes, spreading the gospel that flying is safe, and encouraging the interest of youth in the future of the aeroplane.

Light machines will be provided later, in which boys will be given trial flights and see the world from above.



## SISTER CAROLINE A BEAUTIFUL LIFE IS OVER

Ninety-Three Years of Making  
People Happy

### FROM WAR TO PEACE

A beautiful life has just ended. Sister Caroline is no more.

Her real name was Mrs. Archie Haig. She was born ninety-three years ago in an England that would seem very strange to us if we happened to see it in a dream. She loved England, loved it passionately, and never more so than when she left its shores in her early married life to go over the hills and far away with her soldier husband.

Major Haig's regiment was the Fifty-fifth Native Infantry. The pair had not been very long in India before they were caught in the terrible toils of the Mutiny. The Fifty-fifth was one of the few native regiments that remained loyal to the Government.

### The Magic Secret

While Major Haig fought his way through those tragic months, his wife was shut up in Allahabad. She came out of the ordeal as those do who have suffered great things, with a soul purified, with a vast pity in her heart for the agony of others, and with a beautiful charity she passed from War to Peace.

A few years later Major Haig died, and the lady who was to become Sister Caroline returned home to England. She knew the magic secret that if you would create happiness for others you must be happy yourself; if you would do good you must be good. She joined the Community of the Sisters of a church at Kilburn.

There are many living who remember her, her selflessness, her personal charm. Sister Caroline, skilled in languages, became their foreign correspondent. She had clever fingers, and an artistic mind, and she had always loved making embroidery and the fine needlework which is called an old-fashioned employment for women nowadays.

Sister Caroline began to make beautiful things and to teach others to make them. She also painted pictures for the use of the Sisterhood.

### The Children's Home

Her pet charity was St. Mary's Convalescent Home for Children at Broadstairs. No one there will ever forget her. She painted a beautiful picture of the Transfiguration of Christ for the chapel of the Home. Hundreds of little ones have pointed to it, and said "Sister Caroline painted that."

Her brush was not often idle. She loved her work and painted beautiful things until she was too old to handle her tools. Then she settled down, at eighty, to be "rather old," and left the doing to other people.

For the rest of her life her charity, her unselfishness, seemed like a lamp shining in a dark place. The great bustling world passed her by, but peace did not pass her by.

And now she is like another Sister of old, "In Haven":

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Overprinted Edward 10s. stamp	£300
A Moldavia blue stamp, 1858	£220
2 George I silver sugar dredgers	£78
A Queen Anne bookcase	£71
A Charles II dining table	£68
An Old English chair	£34
A George I silver coffee-pot	£31

## THE GENERAL ELECTION

HOW THE LABOUR  
GOVERNMENT ENDED

20 Million Electors Deciding  
on 615 Rulers

### THIRD ELECTION IN TWO YEARS

Before the next C.N. appears the country will have decided on the new Parliament.

The end of the first Labour Government came with dramatic suddenness, arising out of a rather remarkable combination of circumstances. The Government having been defeated on a motion for an inquiry into the circumstances of a prosecution which had been started and then dropped, the Prime Minister accepted the resolution as a vote of censure and decided to dissolve.

There were two questions before the House which were regarded by the Opposition as of great importance.

The first was the prosecution of a man who published an article which was meant to stir up discontent in the Army. Having prosecuted the editor of the paper, the Government afterwards withdrew the case. The Liberal and Conservative parties claimed that the withdrawal was due to political influence, but the Government declared that no unfair influence had been used, and that the prosecution was withdrawn because facts which came to light suggested that that was the best course to take. It was proved that the writer of the article was a soldier who suffered greatly in the war, and it was felt that his prosecution would have seemed ungenerous and unwise.

### An Appeal to the Country

The second question of great importance was the Russian Treaty. Both the Opposition parties objected to the form of the proposed loan to Russia, and it was regarded as almost certain that the treaty would be defeated on coming before the House.

In view of the instability of its position, therefore, the Government decided on a sudden appeal to the country, and polling takes place on October 29. The Irish Bill, as we record elsewhere, has been passed through all its stages, and in the meantime the government of the country will be carried on by its permanent officials until the twenty million electors have decided on the 615 members of a new House of Commons.

This election is the third autumn election in two years, and it is generally hoped that, whatever happens, the result will lead to a sure and steady Government which will save the country from the necessity of a fourth election next year.

### A LONG-AGO BATTLE

#### Relic From the Sea

What endless relics of the past the sea-bed round our coasts conceals!

A new harbour is to be built near Cherbourg, the northern French port, involving extensive dredging. The dredgers have brought up a long piece of copper-sheathed timber weighing seven tons.

It is believed to be part of the French ship *Triomphante*, which the British fleet destroyed in 1692. The battle was called after the headland of La Hogue, to the south-east of Cherbourg.

### SOMETHING NEW FOR C.N. READERS

Owing to the General Election the announcement we promised last week of something new for C.N. readers must be postponed until next week.

## THE LAST ACT OF THE OLD PARLIAMENT

A Boundary Line in  
Ireland

### CONSULTING THE PRIVY COUNCIL

Everyone is glad that a fresh quarrel about Ireland was avoided before the last Parliament died.

The Treaty establishing the Irish Free State contained a provision that if the six north-eastern counties known as the Province of Northern Ireland did not wish to be a part of the new Free State their Parliament could "opt" them out, and these counties could continue under a separate Government, subordinate to the Parliament at Westminster.

It was further provided, however, that if this was done a Commission of three must decide what the boundary was to be between the new Free State and the Northern Province. That was because a lot of people who sympathise with the Free State are now in Northern Ireland, and many people who want their district to be in Northern Ireland are now in the Free State. One of the Commissioners was to be nominated by the British Government, one by the Free State, and one by Northern Ireland.

The Northern part did "opt" itself out of the Free State, but it refused to appoint a Boundary Commissioner, saying it would not have anything to do with any alteration of the boundary of which it did not approve.

The British Government then asked the highest court for the Empire, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, whether the Commission could do its work without a Northern member. The Committee replied that it could not do so without fresh legislation.

The Government felt that this country was bound in honour to the Free State to appoint a Commission to revise the boundary, so a Bill was brought in empowering the British Government to appoint a Commissioner to represent the Northern Government if that Government still refused to do so itself. That is the Bill which passed through both Houses of Parliament just before the dissolution took place.

### UNDER A MOVING TRAIN

The Man Who Knew What  
to Do

### HOW A LITTLE GIRL WAS SAVED

Courageous acts shine like bright lights along the points of our daily traffic. People in Southport have been thinking of this in connection with the brave deed of Mr. J. Gregory, a carriage-washer in the railway company's employ.

It was Gregory's duty to clean the carriages of a certain train standing in the station. While he was about his employment he saw a dreadful thing happen. A little girl, standing too close to the edge, fell down between the platform and a moving train.

There were shrieks from people who were not too stiff with horror to move or speak. Everyone knew what must be the result. But everyone did not know that there was a man called Gregory, of great courage and presence of mind, already working for the child's rescue.

He sprang into one of the carriages, ran through, jumped down to the line on the other side, and crept under the moving coaches.

Gregory reached the other side in safety, and found there was just room between the platform and the moving train for him to pass along. He crawled by the great, grinding wheels, and in a minute reached the side of the terrified child, who by a miracle was still unharmed.

Gregory seized the little girl and held her tightly jammed against the platform wall until the train stopped, gave her back to her people, and quietly went on with his work.

## GLASGOW'S MERRY BOYS

A GREAT TIME FOR THEM  
What Has Grown from One  
Man's Idea

### THE SPIRIT OF BOYHOOD

Fifty years ago a man in Glasgow, Sir William A. Smith, had a great idea. He saw boys running about wasting their fine years; it seemed to him that they were losing something they could never, in all their manhood's years, regain.

He thought and thought about it, and the result of this good man's meditation and activities was the great Boy's Brigade. Glasgow can always afford to be proud that she led the way in this fine movement, and the rest of the country followed. Thousands of mothers in Great Britain today bless the memory of Sir William Smith.

### Boys Today and Men Tomorrow

There are now in Glasgow about 17 organisations for boys, with the Brigade and the Boy Scouts at the head. The great, thriving city on the Clyde has about 110,000 boys between the ages of 8 and 18 in her municipal family. Of these about 35,000 are members of one or another of the boy's organisations, and this great company of fine lads has been showing the world what their fellowship means.

Boy's week in Glasgow has made everybody think a little, and feel proud. The members themselves have learned afresh that not only are boys akin all the world over, but fine ideals are akin all the world over. The spirit of these boyhood societies of all creeds and classes is very well summed up in the Scout Law, which is the chivalry of old days translated into the terms and conditions of our modern bustling life.

A Scout's honour is to be trusted.  
A Scout is loyal.  
A Scout's duty is to be useful and help others.  
A Scout is a friend to all.  
A Scout is courteous.  
A Scout is a friend to animals.  
A Scout obeys orders.  
A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties.

A Scout is thrifty.  
A Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed.

This great ideal, this spirit of boyhood, was felt in the numerous meetings and "shows" that so finely and merrily filled up Boy's Week in Glasgow. Mother England, ever old and ever young, smiled on the sight of the trooping lads, and felt that the citizens of tomorrow will be in what the northern folk call "fine fettle." She will not be afraid for government to be in their hands. From these Boy's Parliaments will come leaders and fighters who will be fit to act and speak for their country when manhood calls.

### MR. GANDHI

#### His Remarkable Fast

Contrary to all expectations, Mr. Gandhi completed his remarkable fast of 21 days and was still alive.

No efforts were able to persuade him to give up the sacrifice he had imposed upon himself in order to induce Moslems and Hindus to stop their quarrels. It remains to be seen how his extraordinary example will affect the people.

### C.N. PICTURE GALLERY

With this issue of the C.N. we begin to give away a new series of photographic plates. The pictures show creatures of the wild, and the second plate will be given next week. Its title is "The Tigers Wait Their Opportunity."

Place an order with your newsagent at once, so as not to be disappointed.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Allahabad	Al-lah-hah-bahd
Da Vinci	Dah Veen-che
Genoa	Jen-o-ah
Messina	Mes-se-nah
Pentateuch	Pen-tah-tewk

Given with the Children's Newspaper, October 25, 1924

The Children's Newspaper Animal Pictures

# CREATURES OF THE WILD: 1. THE LION



WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO STRIKE, FROM THE STUDY OF A LION BY C. E. SWAN

1000  
1000  
1000



## ITALY'S ELECTRIC NETWORK

### A NATION'S NEW AGE OF POWER

#### Harnessing the Water from the Mountains

#### COAL-LESS COUNTRY TO BE INDEPENDENT OF COAL

What the magic of science can do for a country is wonderfully illustrated in the case of Italy.

That great country, once the seat of power, and once the fountain of culture and learning, fell into decay, not long since became a mere geographical expression. When coal was developed, first in England and then in Germany, America, France, and other countries which had the good fortune to possess it, Italy suffered a further reverse, for she has so little coal that for practical purposes we may say that she has none.

Then came the Electrical Era, the discovery that the magic of motion, invisible but all-powerful, can be harnessed and used as electricity.

#### Sources of Power

Science discovered that wherever heat or mechanical power existed it could be transformed into the form of motion we call electricity, that electricity could be conveyed by cables to small or great distances, and then again transformed into heat or light or mechanical power, and so used for any purpose of lighting, heating, or driving machinery. That discovery meant that when a nation possessed coal it possessed electrical power also. It also meant that when a nation possessed water power it, in effect, possessed electrical power also. So, at a stroke, science gave coal-less Italy possession of power.

A glance at the map of Italy reminds us that she has a sort of mountainous backbone running right down her narrow peninsula. Also she has great mountains and lakes in the north. From the mountains descend streams, and these streams mean electrical power waiting to be harnessed.

#### Saving the Water

A law has just been made that no electrical scheme shall be put into operation unless it is properly and scientifically linked up with other electrical plants; and so, Italy is being covered with a network of electrical transmission lines from the Alps to Sicily.

Provision has to be made, of course, for years when the rainfall is small; and reservoirs are being constructed to regularise the water supplies. One of these mighty dams recently burst and caused great damage, but such accidents are inevitable in the building up of a new and epoch-making industry.

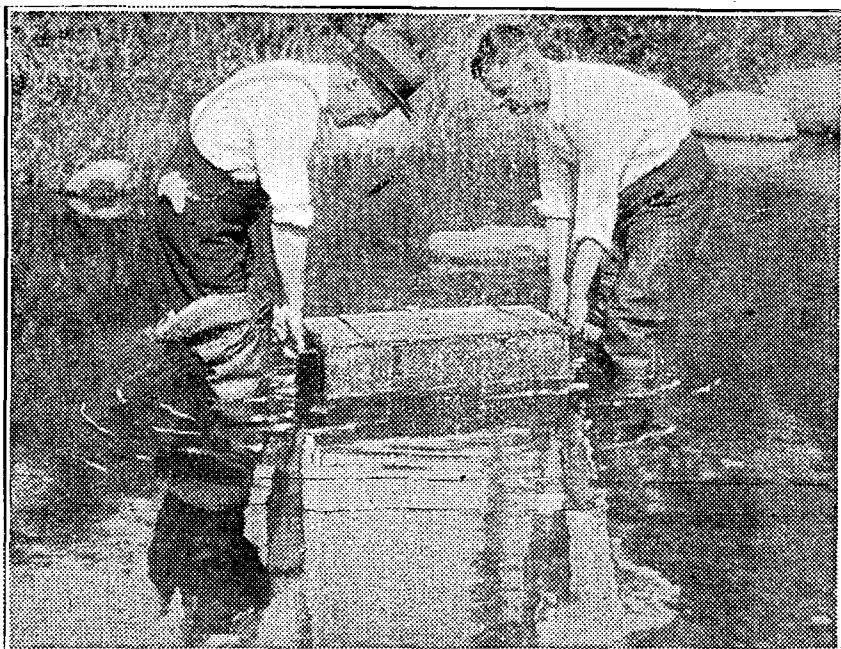
The Italian railways are affected by the electrical developments. They are being rapidly transformed. The main line from Mont Cenis to Turin and Genoa is now electrical, and within a few years the coal locomotive will have disappeared from Italy.

#### Fairy Tales Come True

Another very important thing is that the most backward part of Italy, the south of the peninsula and Sicily, will be regenerated by the new methods. The Island of Sicily is to be supplied with power by a great cable carried across the Strait of Messina, at such a height that ships can pass under it.

Things which would have sounded like fairy tales a generation ago, are now carried out as hard matters of fact. These are true stories of modern magic which may well fire the imagination of British boys who aim to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, who invented modern engineering and so raised Britain from the rank of a poor country to the first industrial power in the world.

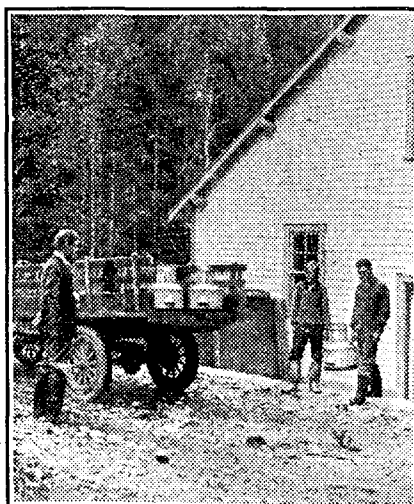
## A SALMON FARM IN CANADA



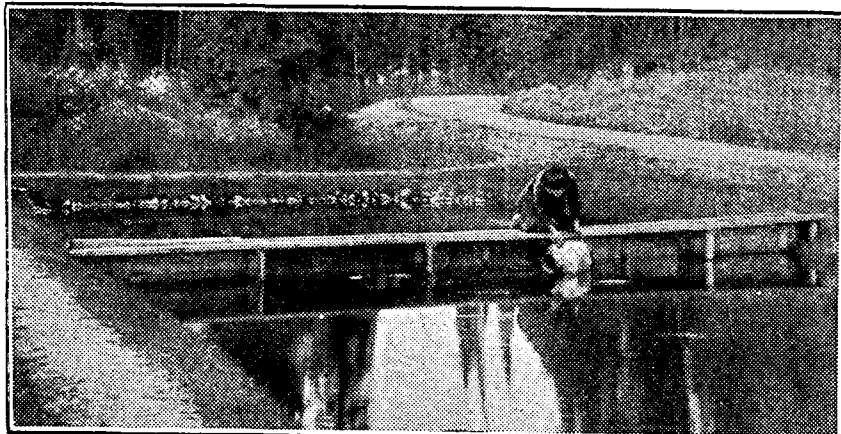
Placing the patent box containing the eggs in a creek



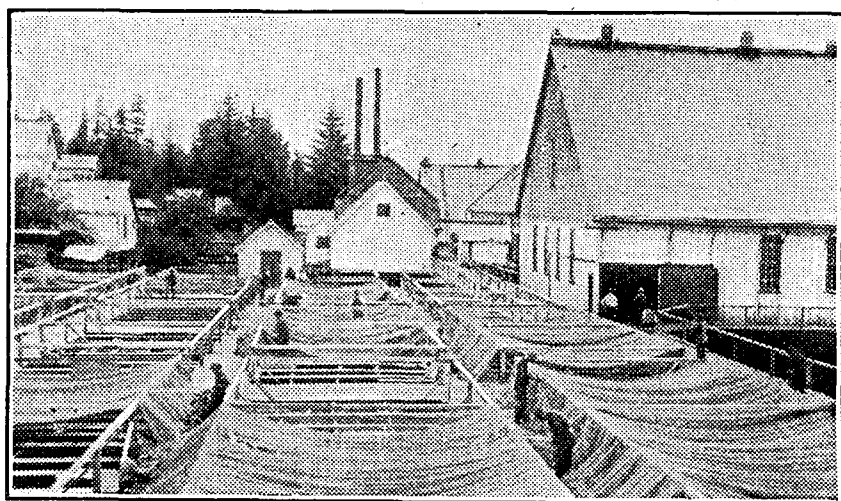
The rearing troughs in the hatchery



Removing salmon fry from the hatchery



Placing the young salmon fry in the rearing pond



Mending and drying nets at a salmon cannery

One of the great industries of British Columbia is salmon canning, and in order to ensure a good supply of fish Government hatcheries have been established at various places. Here we see where the young salmon fry is hatched out and reared for the replenishment of the supplies

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

### MUMMY WHEAT AGAIN

#### Nonsense About a Farmer's Harvest Field

#### THE LIFE OF A GRAIN OF CORN

As surely as the tales of sea serpents, the grown-up papers report now and then that somebody has grown wheat from seed found in the tombs of old Egypt. Another of these reports has just appeared. We do not believe it.

The story goes that a farmer named Johnston, of Tacoma, Washington, secured grain four years ago from a tomb, planted it, kept the product, and sowed and re-sowed until he has now harvested 15 acres of wheat, a yield of over 48 bushels an acre, of fine, hard, white grain from the original handful as old as Pharaoh.

It is fascinating to imagine that the original of this wheat may have been part of the store husbanded by Joseph, part of the stock from which he filled Benjamin's sack; but unfortunately this romantic suggestion is utter nonsense.

#### Deceiving the Farmer

There is little harm, perhaps, in Farmer Johnston believing he is renewing a life-cycle in corn where Pharaoh left off, but the American Government has before now had to institute prosecutions against unscrupulous sellers of so-called mummy wheat of reputedly miraculous power. For farmers are deluded into paying extortionate prices for ordinary seed corn in the belief that the ancients possessed grain with one of the lost secrets of mankind.

The fact has been well established that corn will not germinate after more than five years from the time it is harvested. Australian farmers were in despair during the war because they had millions of bushels of wheat in stock for us, but could not get it across the world owing to submarines. They feared it would go bad then and there on their hands. The British Government sent out Professor Lefroy from London to advise them. He guaranteed them five years of security, and no more.

#### Old Corn and New

How, then, does this old belief and this old mystery arise? Corn from Egyptian tombs undoubtedly does germinate from time to time, but the explanation is simple. If the corn is from the tombs it is new, and not old. Year by year the halls of rock tombs are used to store grain; they are dry and safe. It is from these sources, from this new corn, that grain is sold as ancient wheat. Of course it grows when sown, and the credulous purchasers, ignorant of the facts, believe they are bringing the corn of Pharaoh to harvest.

There is genuine mummy wheat to be obtained, under the guarantee of the Egyptian Government. (The Editor of the C.N. has some.) But this never germinates. It is as dead as the mummies with which it has lain 30 centuries entombed, and it will not live again.

#### THE ROAD DANGER

##### A New Motor Signal

Automatic danger signals at cross-roads are an innovation on some of the French highways.

The signals are electrical, and whenever a car passes a point a hundred yards from the intersection a warning light flashes on the other road for a few seconds so that an approaching driver may have his car under full control. Contact to turn on the light is made by the motor-car wheels passing over a metal bar spanning the roadway.



## A LOG OF LIFE AT THE ZOO

HOW IT CAME THERE  
Strange Journey of a Mass of  
Living Barnacles

### FROM MID-ATLANTIC TO LONDON TOWN

The first president of our Royal Society, mother of all our learned bodies, was that romantic figure, Sir Robert Moray, soldier, knight-errant, scholar, traveller, and devout Christian. Number 137 of the society's papers is Sir Robert's communication entitled, "A relation concerning Barnacles," in which he tells how, in the western isles of Scotland, he found floating logs with barnacles upon them, and that in the shells of the barnacles were little birds, "wanting nothing for making up a perfect sea-fowle."

That was in 1660, and the paper first put into literary form the legend that the barnacle goose begins its career as a barnacle.

### Barnacles Come to Town

Today, in that magnificent hall of wonders, the new aquarium of the London Zoo, we may see for ourselves how far good Sir Robert was wrong. For barnacles have been to town.

It happened the other day that there was a great storm at Eastbourne, and when tide and tempest were at their height, a beam of wood came plunging towards the shore, covered with a writhing mass of life which looked like the snakes that crowned Medusa's head.

Ned Sayers, the boatman, and Sabo, his friend, waded into the sea as fearlessly as the many children who know them would expect. For thousands of little visitors know Ned and Sabo; Ned, the handsome young fellow with the boats, and his rollicking helper Sabo.

### Part of a Wrecked Ship

Ned is a hero of the children, and they take him sweets and other tokens of admiration; and his fellows on the beach seem to think no less well of him. "Ned's a clever fellow," they say; "he's only 21, but he owns nine boats, and has a banking account."

The plank was brought ashore, and it proved to be part of a ship supposed to have been wrecked. It was covered inches deep with thousands of barnacles, some as small as winkles, others with transparent water-tubes inches long, some individual and free, some joined together like starfishes.

The verdict returned by Ned and his peers learned in the lore of the sea, was that the plank, 12 or 15 feet long, and of massive pitchpine, had come from mid-Atlantic, and that it had been some ten or fifteen years adrift.

### Off to the Zoo

The plank, with its teeming population, was exhibited in the open air for the next 24 hours, and then someone asked, "What will you do with it?" "Scrape it; all we want is the plank," said Ned.

Now, though barnacles are common enough in the sea, so common that they colonise the hulls of ships, and take from five to ten knots an hour off the speed of a vessel, they are rarities ashore, and it seemed sad to waste so precious a haul.

So after 24 hours of life in the open air, the barnacles were mentioned over the phone to the Zoo, by our C.N. Natural Historian, and a cordial welcome was extended to them by Mr. Boulenger, the Aquarium superintendent.

Five feet of the plank was cut off; the portion was nailed up, packed with seaweed which Sabo risked his neck to gather from the rocks, and the strange consignment was carted to the station.

Great was the astonishment among the officials there. Long was the searching through the books of tariffs to determine

## CHEAP AND QUICK HOUSES

Trying to Get Them  
CLAIMS OF THE NEW  
MATERIALS

The machinery for the mass production of houses is rapidly taking shape.

The committee appointed by the Minister of Health to advise him regarding the style, construction, and materials to be used, has been making a tour of Scottish manufactories, where they have inspected a number of steel-framed houses in which various fireproof materials are used in place of bricks.

In view of the shortage of bricks and bricklayers, any plans for doing without them are helpful, though brick houses are likely to be the more popular for a long time to come.

One house has a frame of mild steel with composition panelling built into it for walls, and asbestos roof tiles laid on timber boarding. Other houses are built of an artificial stone covered with rough-cast outside. Others have a wood frame, covered outside with steel plates and inside with composition boarding.

All claims to rapidity and ease of construction are to be tested by competitions with brick building on exactly equal terms. No doubt the claims to greater cheapness also will be tested in the same way.

### SIXPENCE A PAIL

How Water was Bought  
in Paris

It is a novel experience for people in a great city to be driven by the impurity of the water in their taps to buy water in pails; yet that is what has happened in two districts in the east end of Paris.

The water smelt abominably, and it was found that it contained phenol, a constituent of the explosive picric acid, extracted from coal tar.

The water was drawn from the River Marne, and it is supposed that some factory discharged it into the river.

Water from the Seine was turned on, but could not be got to the household taps till the last of the Marne water had come through. It is to be hoped that the householders got repayment out of somebody for the cost of those sixpenny pails.

Think of the despair of Parisian restaurant chefs at the ruining of their soups and vegetables!

### PRAIRIE FACTORIES

Western Canada Looking  
After Itself

That western Canada is no longer merely a farming and ranching country is shown by some interesting figures.

West of Ontario there are well over 3000 factories with eighty million pounds invested in them, and employing 52,000 people. Every year finds the western Canadian making more of his goods at home, and as a consequence the prairies are becoming much more of an economic unit than formerly.

Continued from the previous column

under what description and at what price a barnacle should travel. The sender was seeking the time of the train; the clerk was looking for "barnacles" in his tariff book. But there were no barnacles there, no crustacea; and finally it was decided that these aristocrats should travel as *live bait*, and weighing between 70 and 80 pounds, much admired and wondered at by the railway staff, they journeyed to town by passenger train, to be met by a motor-car at Victoria, and whirled away to the Zoo.

But we deeply regret to say that, after being a rare treat for the Zoo for a few days, the barnacles died, and today they are no more. *Picture on page 12*

## 100,000 LIVES FOR THE EMPIRE

THE MAN WHO SAVED  
THEM

The Conquerors of Our Time  
and What They are Doing

### MALARIA BEATEN

In the Malay States a wise doctor, Sir Malcolm Watson, and his fellow-workers have lifted the curse of malaria that has brooded over the hill country ever since the land was tilled there. In ten years this wise man has saved a hundred thousand lives.

Up in the hills and down to Singapore, everyone was born to malaria. The mosquito waited on every child from its birth upwards, waiting to plunge its poisoned needle into the flesh. The poison on the mosquito's needle, as Sir Ronald Ross showed years ago, was the deadly parasite which, living half its time in the mosquito and half in man, makes men sick unto death with malaria. Malaria is a poisoning of the blood. Sir Ronald Ross showed that if all the mosquitoes could be destroyed the parasite must be extinguished, because for half its life it would have nowhere to live.

### War on the Mosquito

That is the knowledge which has enabled Sir Malcolm Watson to suppress malaria in the hill districts, just as it enabled Colonel Gorgas to stamp it out in the Panama Canal zone. On a ship going through the Canal passengers can now sleep without mosquito curtains. That is because all the mosquitoes have been driven from house and home. One of their homes was the disused tomato-tin half filled with rainwater, but anyone who leaves that sort of thing lying about now is fined five pounds.

Sir Malcolm Watson cannot fine the natives of the Malay States five pounds for helping the mosquito to live, but he did show the owners of cultivated lands that the mosquitoes lived in the running water coursing through the estates. So he persuaded them to cover up the drainage channels. That was fatal for the mosquitoes, and their population has fallen year by year. So has the death-rate from malaria; so have the malaria cases, which in one hill district have fallen from 6000 to 10. In Singapore 35,000 lives have been saved in ten years.

### THE MAGIC CRYSTAL

A New Wireless Discovery.

That a crystal can act in much the same way as a wireless valve has been discovered by Mr. O. V. Lossey, an engineer in the Government Radio Laboratory of Russia.

This shows that crystals can be used for sending signals as well as receiving them, and it opens up a new field.

The crystal detector can, it appears, act as an amplifier, and it is this property which is now thought to be the explanation of the curious long-distance crystal receptions of broadcasting that we hear of from time to time.

The new arrangement of the crystal is called a *crystodyne*; and any number can be used to amplify received signals to any degree of loudness.

We are only just beginning to learn the secrets of crystals, and this new discovery may lead to greatly increased powers of long-distance reception with quite inexpensive wireless sets.

### A TINY SHOP IN A GREAT CITY

The high rentals in New York have resulted in the appearance there of a remarkable little locksmith's shop.

It is wedged in between two buildings and is only 24 inches wide and 8 feet long. The proprietor comes in through a door in the back and does a thriving business through a window in front. The size of his shop has enabled him to work in a very busy district, and he has all the room he actually requires.

## COLOUR PICTURES SENT THROUGH SPACE

Something Bound to  
Come

### WHAT HAS BEEN DONE ALREADY

So much progress has been made recently in sending photographs by telegraph that we shall before long find them in every illustrated newspaper.

Telegraphed pictures are, in fact, already being used by American papers, and their adoption must inevitably become general soon.

A company recently tried the experiment of sending a photograph in natural colours. The pictures we see today so beautifully reproduced in colours are made by what is known as the three-colour process, a process depending on the fact that we can reproduce any colour in Nature by a mixture of three primary colours, blue, yellow, and pink. Three such photographs were sent over the telephone wires, and when superimposed in colour they gave an excellent reproduction of a portrait in all the natural colours.

Although only a scientific experiment, it is sufficient to show that the day is not far distant when we shall see pictures of actually occurring events thrown on the cinematograph screen in natural colours. Such a thing may seem a romantic dream, but electrical progress is being made at such an incredible rate that many of us will live to see this wonderful thing accomplished.

The colour picture sent the other day was sent over a wire a thousand miles long between Chicago and New York. A three-coloured lantern slide was made from the records as received, and the colours were most beautifully and faithfully reproduced. The next step will be a moving picture, and after that a moving incident.

### THE BRITISH EMPIRE

AND ITS SHEEP

Not Enough Wool

What we have said of late about the shortage of wheat has even graver application to the case of wool.

The world has far less sheep than of old, yet it is demanding more wool. The result is a most serious rise in price. Before the war wool was imported for just over a pound. Last month the wool brought in cost is a pound more!

We hear from Australia that this season Australia sold 1,698,000 bales of wool for £53,000,000, whereas in the previous season she sold 1,932,000 bales for £46,000,000. The number of sheep in Australia fell by six millions in the past season.

Here is another case in which the Empire needs to take stock of its resources and to safeguard the future.

### THE ZIGZAG WAY FROM ZAGAZIG

Electric Trains on an Old  
Camel Route

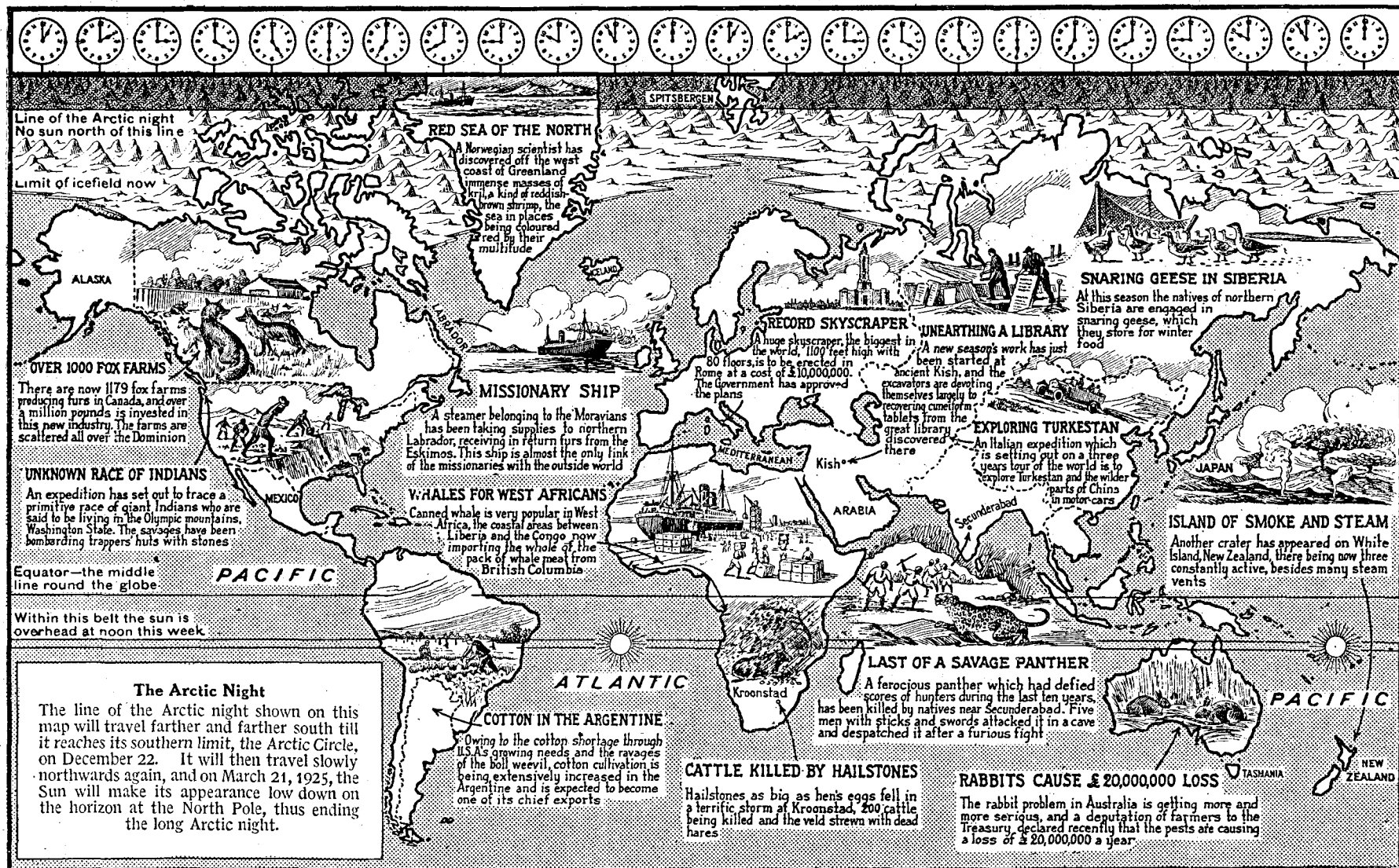
Another new-African railway. Not a very long one this time, for it will only take two hours to travel the whole length of it. But it is a very important one, for it will provide a direct connection between Cairo and Suez, at the southern end of the great canal.

Though Suez is actually farther south than Cairo, people travelling thither from the Egyptian capital by train have to begin by going many miles north, till at Zagazig they zigzag east to Ismailia, on the canal halfway to Port Said, and thence turn southward by the canal bank to Suez—six hours in all by express. There will now be no more zigzagging from Zagazig.

The new railway is to be electric, and will continue the line already running from Cairo to its suburb Heliopolis. It will follow the old caravan route into Arabia which is probably as old as Cairo itself.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## MALTA AND ITS GOOD NAME

## A Bad Habit that Should Be Dropped

A reader in Malta writes to suggest that the time has come when that island should no longer be associated with the fever known as Malta fever. As that name has been incidentally mentioned in the C.N. we gladly give the facts.

The fever once known everywhere by the name of Malta, but found all round the Mediterranean, was specially studied by Sir David Bruce and others 20 years ago, and the microbe that caused it was identified. The steps taken to combat the disease have been so successful that, in Sir David's words, "since 1905 there has scarcely been a case in the Malta garrison." The fever was spread originally through goat's milk.

The fever is now more generally known either as Mediterranean fever, or Undulant fever. There will be general agreement, we are sure, that as the disease has been checkmated through investigations at Malta, and so largely conquered that the island was used as a sanatorium in the Great War, it is unfair to associate it any longer with Malta.

£180,000,000

## An Example to Our Building Trade

The amazing post-war progress of the United States is well shown by the building records of New York State.

In 1923 the ten largest cities of this single State constructed £180,000,000 worth of buildings.

The value of our building last year is not known, but to judge from the census taken before the war it was less for the whole of Great Britain than for the State of New York.

These are sad comparisons to make, but it is desirable to set them down, for it is a great reproach that our building trade should be falling so far behind.

## LOOKING FROM THE SKY FOR FISHES

## An Experiment That Failed

Three flying boats were lent by the Air Ministry to the Department of Scottish Fisheries for five weeks during the past summer.

Their task was to see if shoals of herring could be identified from the air, and they surveyed the fisheries of the east coast of Scotland from Peterhead to Stronsay.

Although the experiment was interesting, it was not successful. The United States and the French Governments had carried out trials of the same kind with great success, and the reports of their airmen were of value to the trawlers; but here, owing to bad weather, it was impossible to obtain useful results.

The cause of the failure is simple enough. During the day the herrings lie deep down, sometimes as much as 60 fathoms, only rising in the evening, when the light was bad. Even with a cloudless sky and a calm sea the ocean bed off the Scottish coast does not reflect much light.

## THE COOPERATIVE FARMER

## A Very Good Beginning

Everybody says British farmers would do better if they would cooperate more; and everybody is right. Not everybody realises, however, what a good beginning has been made.

Goods needed by farmers have been bought by cooperative supply societies to the value of 12 million pounds in one year. Between 1913, the last year before the war, and 1920, cooperative dairy societies increased in membership from 2600 to 10,000 and their produce from £274,000 to £3,778,000.

Societies for the sale of market garden produce, fruit, and eggs have also increased in number.

## BIGGER WAGONS

## The L.N.E.R. as a Pioneer

A correspondent, calling our attention to a C.N. paragraph on Bigger Wagons, points out that the credit for beginning this improvement lies not with the Great Western Railway, but with the L.N.E.R.

More than twenty years ago the North-Eastern Railway Company started the principle of building very large wagons.

That they were pioneers of the whole of the British railways in this respect is instanced by the fact that in 1902 they had about 100 wagons taking 20 tons and upwards, while in 1922 they had nearly 20,000.

The average capacity of their mineral wagons had increased during that period from the wagon of 10 tons to the wagon of 14 tons.

We are delighted to give credit where credit is due, and congratulate the Great Western Railway on following in the track of the North-Eastern line.

## OLD ROBIN REDBREAST

## Seventeen Years a Captive

A correspondent writes to us of a robin which lived with its mistress for 17 years before it died.

But this robin redbreast, though such an accomplished bird that it answered to its name by giving three quick chirps, did not set up a new record among tamed or captive birds for length of years.

A green singing finch, such as London cockneys sometimes keep in little green cages and teach to sing, lived for 24 years. A goldfinch has lived in an aviary for 24 years, and, stranger still, a nightingale lived for 25 years. One would think that a skylark would soon die in captivity, but two have been known to live over 20 years. In zoological gardens a goose has lived for 80 years, an eagle owl for 68, and a Great Vasa parrot for 68.

## A GREAT HEAP OF PAPERS

## History's Raw Material

## NEW TREASURE FOR JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY

The Earl of Crawford, Chancellor of the University of Manchester, has made a noble birthday gift to the John Rylands Library in Manchester, now 25 years old.

The present gift includes some twenty thousand broadsheets (proclamations, bulletins, and placards), some issued by various committees of the French Revolution, some by the National Convention under Napoleon, some during the Restoration, and some during the Commune of 1871.

There is also a collection of proclamations issued in Tuscany between 1543 and 1793, and others from the Netherlands. The whole consignment weighs from eight to ten tons!

No other collection like it exists, says the proud Rylands librarian, Dr. Guppy, outside the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, and many items of this collection are not to be found even there. Frenchmen wishing to study these periods of their nation's history must henceforth go to Manchester.

## WHEN THE OIL PRESSURE GOES

## Will the Earth Cave In?

An American scientist, Professor Todd, of Amherst University, has been propounding a strange theory.

He says that the present practice in the United States of erecting thousands upon thousands of tons of steel skyscrapers in the cities, coupled with the continual draining off of the subterranean oil and gas pressure, will some day result in a series of terrible earthquakes or slides. Thousands of oil wells everywhere are drawing off this pressure day and night, and the professor thinks that this constitutes a real danger.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 25 1924

## The Turning of the Tide

WHATEVER may happen to what is called the Protocol, the scheme for universal peace now brought before the world by the League of Nations, one thing it has clearly done. It has brought the question of disarmament out of the realm of dreams into practical politics.

Before the nations can disarm their armies, their peoples must disarm their minds. We must cease to think of war as inevitable, a curse with no way out of it, and begin to think of peace as possible, a blessing with every way leading to it. That is the great achievement of the Protocol. It has set men thinking that the Great Peace may be possible; it has turned the tide of thought.

However urgent is the need for the disbanding of great armies, the need is greater still for disarming the mind. It must be recognised that there can be no peace in the world if there is still war in men's minds.

And so, while one part of the League is exerting all its strength to bind nations together in a solemn pact which shall make war impossible, another part is looking forward to the future. Members of the League believe that, though treaties and covenants are useful and desirable, it is only when love, brotherhood, and self-denial dwell in our hearts and have a vital place in our minds, that peace will be secured.

The force of men's minds, their intellectual power, plays a supreme part in the world, and it can be directed for good or evil. Because it was directed for evil the Great War came upon us; it is the task of the League to do everything possible to control this powerful force for good.

One chief way of doing this is to encourage the exchange of ideas, to increase the knowledge of each other, and the understanding of each other's aims, to break down the barriers race and language have set up.

Learning, art, music, literature, philosophy, science, know no boundaries; they have no nationality. They belong to all, and it is the effort of the League to create a worldwide brotherhood of learning, in which artists, historians, research workers, will all labour together, sharing their knowledge and extending goodwill. Then there will grow up a general goodwill in all nations, a common mind and a common effort for nobler things; and there will be no more hatred, because understanding will have taken its place.

This is the great task the League has given us all to do; it has set the ideal before us, and it is for us to make it possible by believing. No mountain is ever so great in our path that Faith will not remove it.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Admiral's Parsnips

ADMIRAL BEATTY has won a second prize for parsnips.

If it is any consolation to him we should like to declare our unabated confidence in him. We are convinced that though he is second with his parsnips, he would easily beat the winner on a warship.

## On Trial

A correspondent who has been reading a book by Dr. Fosdick, the American preacher, sends us this story which he has made a note of for future use.

AN American once stormed through one of the great European Galleries of Art. He sniffed at this picture an instant; he sniffed an instant at that; and then he stormed out.

But before he went out he turned on the venerable attendant and said: "Not a thing here worth seeing—not a thing!" To which the attendant replied:

"If you please, sir, these pictures are no longer on trial—the spectators are!"

## A Little Thing

WE were reading the other day about the trial of Charles Stuart in Westminster Hall, and we came across a sad little incident that refuses to be forgotten.

Charles was confronting his judges. The solicitor to the Commonwealth read out the charge against the King. The prisoner at this most historic bar, wishful to have one clause read again, tried to interrupt the reader.

He touched the solicitor's gown with his silver-headed cane, and it happened that the head of the cane, being already loose, fell off. The King glanced at the piece of silver ornament lying there, expecting that someone would pick it up for him. At other times a dozen hands would have been outstretched to perform a small courtesy for the King; but now no one moved.

Suddenly Charles flushed, and picked up the piece of silver himself. In that moment he realised one terrible thing; the King of England was friendless and alone.

## A Benefactor in a Rabbit Burrow

IF the wolf who brought up Romulus, and the geese who saved the Capitol, are honoured, so should we honour the ferret of Chedworth.

While men were digging for him, in a little wood close to the railway, they turned up some Roman tiles. A few weeks later the wood was cut down, and far below the roots the foundations of a Roman villa were revealed, with fine pavements, an ingenious hot water system, and vats which may have been used for some sort of manufactory.

They are all delighting our archaeologists now, and we owe it all to a truant ferret.

## Streets for Children

THE New York authorities are proud of having done a good thing this year. So that the children of the slums might have a place to play in, 130 streets were closed to traffic and roped off to be used as playgrounds.

It is admirable, but a better way still is to have no slums. It was good to hear our American visitors everywhere this year wishing that New York had a few more places like the green ways that make our London the finest city in the world.

## Tip-Cat

NOBODY, it is said, will miss the summer. But the summer has missed everybody.

A SCHOOLBOY named Early has not been late once in seven years. If he had, he would still have been Early.

THRIFT is one of the best British qualities. A saving grace.

A COLLECTOR claims to have a complete collection of the buttons of the British Army. The Army will have to take to safety-pins.

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW  
What a meeting would do if nobody held it

It is said that no man reaching the age of 21 in Britain has been produced for less than £500. But many of them would rather have the money.

THE Labour leaders appreciate good literature, but do not like being brought to book.

WALNUTS are plentiful this year. There is never a shortage of chestnuts.

EXPAND and grow rich, says Lord Beaverbrook. It is more natural to expand and grow stout.

## Gold for Tinsel

THIS is a sad time for tinsel. Up till recently we have always regarded highwaymen and smugglers as picturesque creatures, but two books have been published which turn them into very unromantic ruffians. Dick Turpin, a historian tells us, never had a mare called Black Bess, and was a common cattle thief. Now Lord Teigumouth shows us the smuggler as a lazy and cruel loafer. He would bury an Excise officer alive up to the head below high water-mark. He would betray his comrades as readily as a shark will eat a shark.

After all, we need not mourn. There are real heroes enough on Everest, in Captain Scott's tent, in foreign graves, and in the mean streets of our great cities. We can do without tinsel.

## Young Squire Autumn

By Our Country Girl

TWO generations, Spring and Summer, Have toiled and saved with pious care In vain, for Autumn the new-comer Seems like to prove a spend-thrift heir.

EACH day afresh the lawn is scattered With gold that he has flung away. Tomorrow, penniless and tattered, He'll rue the follies of today.

## The Irish Question in a Nutshell

By a Lady in a Sailor's Home

THE Irishman hurried in from his fishing-smack, a pair of rope shoes in his hand, and a beaming smile on his brick-red face. His hair was a flaming ginger; it was as if a sudden heat-ray shot into the room.

"I'm doing well," he said. "I catch me own fish, and sail me own boat. But I want my Reparation Claim papers made out for when I was torpedoed in the war; and do ye think ye could write a letter for me?"

The papers were made out, the letter written, and his wants attended to. He was preparing to go, when it occurred to me to ask why he had come to us in his difficulty instead of going to the British Consulate?

"I go to no Englishman!" he answered, with red-hot emphasis. "Nivver an English person will I be askin' for anythin'!"

Tapping my chest, I ventured to say mildly, "We are English!" "Och! Shure, and so am I!" he burst out enthusiastically. "Didn't I foight in the Great War and all, and in the war before that, too? Och! Shure, England's the bhoy for me!"

And, shaking us warmly by the hand, he blew out as breathlessly as he had blown in.

## A Prayer by Sir Philip Sidney

All-seeing Light, and Eternal Life of all things, look upon me with Thine eye of mercy, and let Thine infinite power vouchsafe deliverance unto me, as unto Thee shall seem convenient.

Yet I yield unto Thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of Thee, that Thou wilt suffer some beam of Thy light so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on Thee.

## The Roads of England

The country roads of England Go straggling to the skies, And some are frail and dainty white, And some are broad and wise; One climbs in to the valley, And one to Paradise.

The roads that march through London, They bear the stress of things. They have not known the song of birds, The quiet that evening brings: Only the multitudes that pass, The toilers and the kings.

MARJORIE WILSON



October 25, 1924

The Children's Newspaper

7

## CROSSING THE GOBI DESERT

### TRIP FROM PEKIN TO CALCUTTA

Thrilling Journey of a Wireless Engineer  
IN THE WILDS OF TURKESTAN

By Our India Correspondent

There has just passed through Calcutta on his way back to Peking a quiet Englishman, who has for eight months been travelling in the waste places of Mongolia and Eastern Turkestan.

The hero of this adventure is an engineer who set out from Peking at the beginning of the year to inspect and improve the wireless equipment at various stations. His travels took him through very wild country, and he had to cross the Gobi Desert, to the north and west of Peking.

For three weeks this party, of which the engineer was the only white man, saw nothing but a monotonous stretch of black gravel, crunching beneath the wheels of the transport wagons in the most irritating fashion.

There are always troubles of some kind among the hardy people of that region, and he found it difficult to keep from being involved in little revolutions. At Kashgar, which was the last place he had to visit, he found the city surrounded by invading troops, and while he was there it was captured, and the local governor bound on a cross and shot.

#### Struggling Through the Passes

Supposing that his quickest way back to Peking would be through Calcutta, he left Kashgar and cut across the Himalayan passes in the far northern corner of India. Here his adventures were no less exciting. He had now with him only one servant, and the journey to civilisation had to be made on foot and on pony. For about a month he had to struggle through the passes, hemmed in with snow, faced over and over again with steep and almost impassable tracks, with the knowledge that a false step on the part of his little hill pony would mean a fall of thousands of feet. But he got through, and he has added one more to the stories of quiet achievement.

But among the experiences that came to him he numbers as the most thrilling the listening in the wilds of Turkestan to a piece of music, probably played in England. Many other things were "picked up," which helped to break the monotony of the days when, except for his porters, he was alone. On one occasion he intercepted some Bolshevik propaganda, probably from the Moscow broadcasting station; but it did him little harm out in the Turkestan wilds.

## BABY HOSPITAL SHIP

1400 Miles with a Crew of Four

Missionaries in the Earth's lonelier places have perforce to undertake the cure of the bodies as well as the souls of their flocks, and this becomes very arduous work sometimes.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's work is among the fisherfolk of the coast of Labrador. He finds a hospital ship essential, but it must not be a big one. His last, the Strathcona, was wrecked off Labrador 18 months ago.

Now he has secured another, 100 feet long and 16 feet wide, a private yacht he found at Southampton and has christened Strathcona II. It has been at Yarmouth fitting for hospital work, and now it must make the 1400-mile journey by way of the Azores—a curious route dictated by coaling considerations.

There is only room for a crew of four. They will be away six months.

## A CHINESE GIRL WITH A MISSION

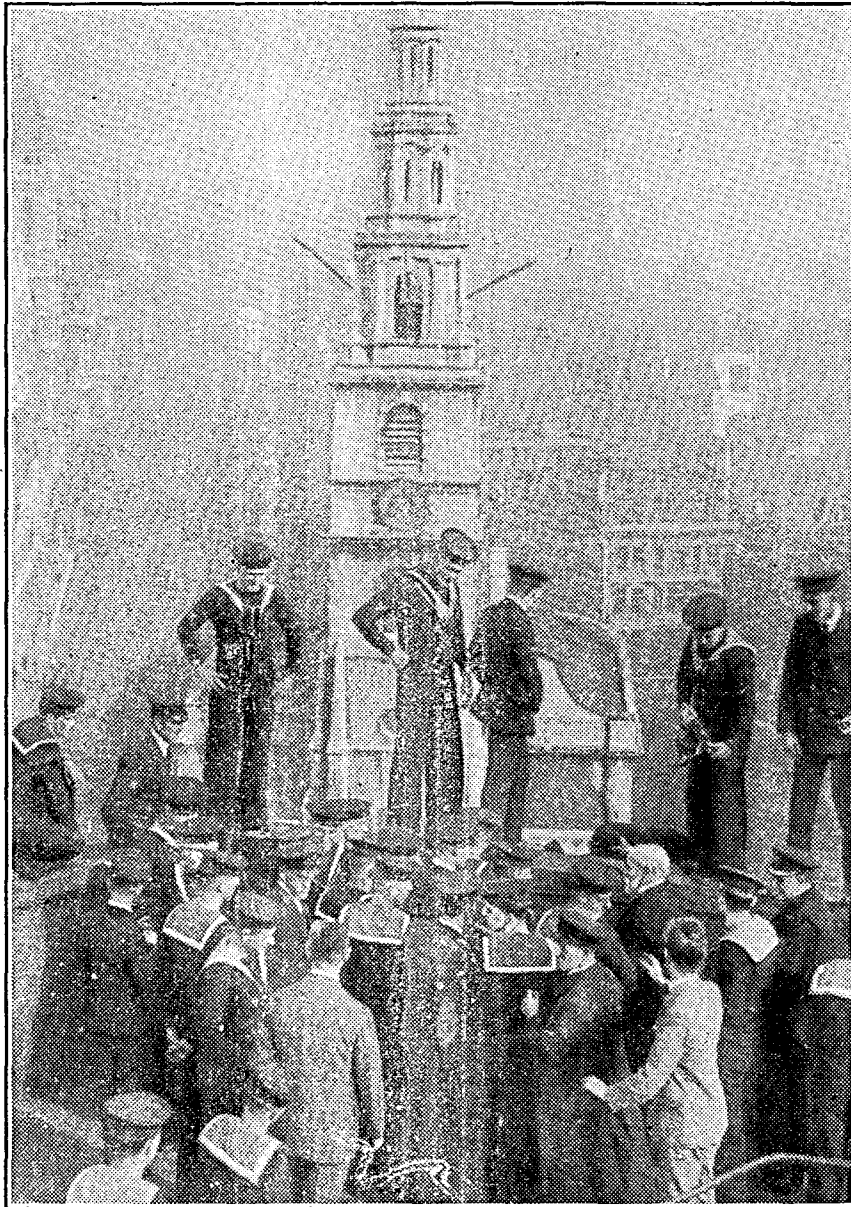
EIGHT girls at Leicester have just sent a substantial sum of money out to China to assist in the work Miss Zung We Tsung, the first woman Chinese journalist on a daily paper, is doing for child-welfare in the factories of Shanghai and elsewhere.

During the past few months Miss Zung has been the right-hand helper of Mrs. Adelaide Anderson, who till a year or two ago was the chief woman inspector of factories in Great Britain. Mrs. Anderson was asked by the National Christian Council of China to investigate factory conditions there and to see whether legislation could not be introduced to remedy many of the terrible conditions and long hours under which women and children are working there.

It is by acting as interpreter that Miss Zung has been rendering great service. She not only knows all about factory conditions, for she had investigated them for the Chinese daily paper at Shanghai, the Shen Pao, but a year or two ago she visited England and saw all the best features in this country.

Miss Zung is a journalist with a mission. An active little black-haired woman, whose sparkling eyes look at you through her thick glasses, she is an example of the way in which Chinese womanhood is developing. She was educated at a fine missionary educational institution in Shanghai, then she went to the Greensborough Women's College in America, and later she got her B.A. in history at Smith College.

## BLUEJACKETS UP ALOFT



Members of the crew of the Australian cruiser Adelaide on top of Australia House, in the Strand, London, having places of interest pointed out to them by Sir Joseph Cook, the High Commissioner. It is interesting to remember that their homes are almost directly under their feet on the other side of the world

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Holland now has nine broadcasting stations.

Sir William Campion, the new Governor of Western Australia, has become Chief Scout for the State.

#### A Cow in a Bedroom

Four men with a rope had to drag downstairs a cow which had climbed to a bedroom in a house at Hull.

#### The Flower-Seller's Fortune

An elderly man who sold flowers at Hampton Court had £300 in £1 notes sewn in his clothes when he died in the infirmary.

#### Cycling Round the World

Three Indian cyclists are cycling round the world. They have now been travelling twelve months, and have covered 6000 miles, including 600 miles through the Syrian desert.

Rome is to have an underground railway.

A large orang-utang escaped from a circus at Essonnes, near Paris, and was shot in a garden by a girl.

#### An Heroic Miner

A young coal miner injured in Writhlington Colliery walked two miles to the infirmary with both collar-bones broken.

#### Anatole France Dead

Anatole France, the famous French author, whose real name was Anatole François Thibault, has died at his home in Tours, aged eighty.

#### The Big Telephone Tunnel

A New York telephone company has completed a tunnel 50 feet below the business district. It is eight feet high and eight feet wide, and has room for 16 million miles of wire.

## WELCOME SANTO DOMINGO

LITTLE STATE COMES INTO THE LEAGUE

First Act on Receiving Its Full Independence

VERY QUICK WORK

In the far western seas lies an island a little smaller than Ireland. It first became known to us when Columbus discovered it.

It belongs to the group of islands named the West Indies because the explorers found it when they were sailing straight into the setting Sun.

At first only black men lived on the island, but when Columbus came other Spaniards came with him and settled down, and gradually built the town of Santo Domingo, which they made as nearly as possible like the towns they knew and loved, and so today the buildings are still in the old Spanish style of the 16th century.

#### Where Columbus was Imprisoned

In the cathedral is the tomb where Columbus is supposed to have been buried, and in the old fortress is the cell where he and his brother were imprisoned.

This island of Haiti is divided into two republics, the one called Haiti and the other Santo Domingo.

Haiti, where chiefly Negroes live, became the Black Haitian Empire more than a hundred years ago, and has been a member of the League of Nations since the beginning.

In the larger part of the island, Santo Domingo, are mulattoes and white men as well as Negroes, and the white men, descendants of the Spaniards of long ago, have chief influence in the government of the country.

For many years there was a republic, but lately the United States stepped in and Santo Domingo was no longer its own master.

Happily this unwanted occupation has now come to an end, and one of the first things the country did, when it recovered its independence a few weeks ago, was to join the League of Nations.

#### Principles of Law and Justice

A telegram was despatched to its representative in Paris, who travelled post-haste to Geneva to present the request to the Assembly. This request was passed on to the proper committee to be examined, as every State wishing to join must show that it governs itself entirely, and must "guarantee its sincere intention" to keep its agreements with other nations and accept whatever regulations the League may lay down with regard to army, navy, and air force. The committee found the application correct, and within a week from the despatch of the telegram the representative of Santo Domingo had made his speech, his country had been welcomed into the League, and he was on his way back to Paris.

The speech was delivered in Spanish, the chief language of the republic. Translated into English it stated that the Dominican Republic "considered that the first of its international duties was to take its place in the League of Nations, thereby expressing its devotion to the principles of law and justice, whose acceptance by all nations will establish the peace of the world."

## A BIG BELT

Turning the Wheels of Industry

The largest belt on record has been completed for a manufacturing company in New York.

It is 1500 feet long, three feet wide, weighs seven tons, and cost £1400. When wound on a reel it was over nine feet in diameter, so that it must be a great sight to see it keeping the shafts turning in the factory.



## SAVING A GREAT RUIN

### A DOCTOR OF PICTURES

The Future of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"

### THE MAN WITH THE SYRINGE

A man is working on a scaffold in a room in Milan. He appears to be just playing with a hypodermic syringe on the wall.

The surface of the wall is a queer mass of greyish colours and shapes one cannot see while the scaffolding is there. The paint forms a layer, like a wall paper; it is loose in places, crumbling.

The man carefully inserts the needle of his syringe between this painted layer and the wall, shoots out some petrol to soften the surface, and then some resin, which makes the "paper" stick to the wall.

This may look like the foolishness of a very eccentric man. In reality it is a service of science to the world of art.

### A Wonder of the World

The man, Signor Oreste Silvestri, is saving what remains of one of the masterpieces of Europe, The Last Supper, painted by Leonardo da Vinci about 400 years ago, and the room he is working in is the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan.

Leonardo da Vinci, the great Florentine, was not only one of the three greatest artists of Europe; he might be described as being in his own person one of the wonders of the world. He had a thirst for knowledge, which made him a great scholar; a passion for scientific mechanism which made him a skilful engineer; he had a zeal for beautiful things and a creative instinct which made him a supreme artist.

While he was painting he invented new methods of dealing with the paints, science thus going hand in hand with art. Unfortunately for the world he invented a new method when he was painting this picture which might be called the most famous in Europe, The Last Supper.

### Picture That Crumbled

Instead of working in the usual way (wall pictures, or frescoes, are painted into the last wash on the wall before it is dry, so that the picture becomes part of the fabric itself) Leonardo painted in oils on a dry stucco ground.

Very soon it began to crumble. Before a generation had passed away the monks, who loved their beautiful picture, saw that it was decaying, and losing colour. The refectory was a damp place, and in the wet season streams of moisture began to run down the surface of Leonardo's masterpiece.

A great many other troubles befell it—accidents of war, spoliation, the prying fingers of curious people. Now it is in such a state that what remains of it must be glued to the wall, or lost.

The room has been heated to prevent the damp, and when Signor Silvestri has finished with his hypodermic syringe we shall have safe for ever what remains of this beautiful wreck, the ruin of a work of supreme genius.

## NEW BELGIUM

### The Great Reconstruction

Everyone admired the businesslike way in which the Belgian Government and people set about the work of reconstruction after the devastating enemy had withdrawn from their boundaries.

Now the work is virtually complete. Of 1175 public buildings destroyed 1040 have been reconstructed; and of a hundred thousand private houses destroyed 93,000 have been replaced.

The public buildings rebuilt include 350 schools and 234 churches.

## IS THE STEAMSHIP DOOMED?

### How One Invention Beats Another

### FROM WIND TO STEAM AND STEAM TO OIL

We have noted from time to time how oil has been beating coal as fuel for ships. The triumphant progress of the oil vessel continues apace.

Out of each 100 tons of shipping in the world before the war

- 8 tons were sailing vessels;
- 89 tons were coal-driven;
- 3 tons were oil-driven.

Now see the change that has come in only ten years. Out of each 100 tons of shipping in the world last June

- 4 tons were sailing vessels;
- 66 tons were coal-driven;
- 30 tons were oil-driven.

We see that the dear old sailing ship, the picturesque wind-jammer, is rapidly disappearing. It is really remarkable in what a short space of time sails have been beaten.

It was not until forty years ago that steamships overtook sailing vessels; in 1881 there were as many sailing ships as steamships. After that the steamship made rapid progress, and by the end of the nineteenth century steam had it all its own way.

### Motor Ship Going Ahead

Now it is the steamship's turn to take second place. After lording it over the sailing vessel for only forty years, the steamship, in its turn, is being beaten by the motor ship, which is driven by internal combustion engines something like the engines of a motor-car.

Thirty tons out of every 100 tons of the world's shipping are now of this class. Most of these, however, use oil as fuel to raise steam, so that they are just as much steamers as if they burned coal. Among the thirty per cent. of oil-driven ships, however, one-tenth are motor ships using oil, not to raise steam, but in internal combustion engines.

There are those who prophesy that motor ships are destined to beat steamships as easily as steamships beat sailing vessels. That remains to be seen, but undoubtedly the motor ship, as it does not need boilers which take up so much room, has great advantages.

## A GENTLEMAN IN A TRAM

### The Tired Mother and Her Boy

A Birmingham correspondent sends us this note of an incident he witnessed the other day.

A tram stopped by a street in the slums. A woman, shabbily dressed and weary, entered. Her back was bent low by the burden in her arms, a boy of five or six.

The boy was a pathetic sight. One leg was in a plaster of Paris case, his face was white and waxen, and now and again he turned his dull eyes towards his mother as if in pain.

She was telling the woman sitting next to her of the trouble she had in getting the right treatment for the boy. She had just come from one hospital and was going to another, a walk of half a mile from the nearest tram stop. She was worn out, but she never relaxed her hold upon the boy's frail body.

The tram stopped again, and the woman staggered towards the door. Quietly a big, rough-looking navvy who had overheard her tapped her shoulder, and said: "Missus, I'm goin' that way. Let me carry the kiddie!" He took the boy from the weary mother's arms and carried him. This gentleman in corduroys proved once again the truth that

The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
The man's the gold, for a' that.

## LOW MANNERS IN HIGH PLACES

### Why an Old Good Deed is Ending

### THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD

For nearly a thousand years the Trappist monks have entertained all travellers free of charge at their famous Hospice in the Pass of St. Bernard, over 8000 feet high in the Alps. Now their hospitality is becoming exhausted.

Before railways and tunnels were invented the pass was a much-frequented route into Italy, but the snows made it dangerous and the monks were there to give their help; and with the aid of their famous St. Bernard dogs they sought and saved weary stragglers whom the snow had overwhelmed.

Now, with the coming of the motor-car, the route has become popular once more, but as there is a box into which grateful travellers may always put their offerings for the support of the good work, and as motoring tourists are not usually without means, this should hardly be the reason for the change.

### The Neglected Alms-box

Alas! we are told that the number of persons who put offerings in the box has been so small that the monks are compelled to consider fresh means whereby to cover expenses.

"Travellers," says our guide book, "are boarded and lodged gratuitously, but none should deposit in the alms-box less than they would have paid at a hotel."

Owing to the neglect of that gentle advice it is possible that early next year part of the Hospice will be converted into a hotel under the direction of a professional manager, in which tourists will be charged ordinary hotel rates during their visit.

A sad rebuke to our time and its manners! We are truly sorry it has come about.

## POWER FROM THE WIND

### France Getting Busy

A great advance has been made in the utilisation of wind power through the invention of a French engineer, M. Constantin.

A two-blade propeller something like an aeroplane propeller is used, and this has attached to it a dynamo constructed on streamlines like a fish, offering very little resistance to the wind. The propeller and dynamo turn together to meet the wind, working on a common axis. The propeller is 100 feet across, and will generate 400 horse-power.

It is proposed to instal a battery of the new wind dynamos on Mont Ventoux, which is 6000 feet above sea level, and a dozen or more of the windmills, placed at various spots, are to be connected up to a central distributing board, so that a constant supply of electric power can be sent out to the consumers.

There are many wind-power electric generators in use in Holland and America, and their number is growing.

## A DANGER TO PEACE

### League of Nations to Remove It

The vexed question of the possession of Mosul and the northern boundary of the Arab kingdom of Mesopotamia is now on its way to a settlement.

The League of Nations Council has appointed a Commission of three "competent and impartial" persons to go into the matter and make recommendations, and the British and Turkish Governments have solemnly bound themselves to accept the decision.

The agreement has come none too soon, for there has already been an invasion by Turkish troops of the territory held by King Feisul, and British aeroplanes have been in action against them.

## A KING STEPS DOWN

### Hussein and the Arabs

### HOW HE TRIED TO TAKE TOO MUCH

A very little while ago there seemed to be no greater man in the Mohammedan world than Hussein, King of the Hejaz and self-elected Caliph.

Now, in face of an advance by wild Arabs of the desert, he has abdicated, surrendered all his titles, and handed his authority over to his son.

It is plain that when Sultan Ibn Saud, of Nejd, advanced upon Mecca, he had the sympathy of the surrounding tribesmen, though he was bombarded with entreaties not to make war around the Holy Places.

The whole Mohammedan world resented Hussein's assumption of the title of Caliph, and most of Arabia objected to his other self-made title of King of the Arab Countries. The British Government never recognised him as anything more than King of the Hejaz, along the Red Sea coast.

But it was the notables of the Hejaz itself who called upon him to abdicate, and with their support gone he could take no other course. The notables offered the crown to his eldest son Ali, Emir of Medina. Ali was not keen, but ultimately he agreed.

### A Good Omen

He is to be a constitutional sovereign, governing by the will of his people. He makes no claim to be Caliph, and has dropped the title of King of the Arab Countries. He is merely King of the Hejaz, the equal of his neighbours.

He has made his peace with Britain, for even before his father's deposition he presided over a national Council which accepted the draft treaty with us which Hussein had previously resisted.

It is of good omen, too, that he and Ibn Saud are friends. One of his first acts as king was to send peace proposals to Ibn Saud, whose quarrel was with Hussein and not with his people. Ali, like Ibn, is a teetotaler and non-smoker in accordance with the injunctions of the Prophet.

## A MIGHTY SUNDAY SCHOOL

### Stockport's Proud Claim

There appeared in the C.N. a short time ago the account of a "record that must be very hard to beat" concerning the little Wesleyan Sunday-school at Wadsworth, in Derbyshire. It told of two teachers who had between them 58 years of service.

We are now proudly informed by a member of the great undenominational Sunday-school at Stockport that there are there two teachers with a record of 58 years of service, while four others have seen 55 years, another 53, three more 52, one 51, and three 50 years—a total of 14 with over half a century of service to their credit.

In this great institution the registration number of the newest teacher is 6976, and that of the latest recruit among the scholars is 117,274.

The school's present membership, including its suburban branches and its great adult classes, is 3506. Our greeting to this great school, which we believe claims to be the greatest Sunday-school in the world.

## LIGHTNING DIGS A WELL

### A Storm That Helped a Farmer

Lightning did a great piece of work for an American farmer the other day.

Some time ago he had dug down to a depth of fifteen feet behind his house in an effort to reach water and make a well. He was unsuccessful, and filled the hole with rubbish, planting flowers over it.

A lightning bolt, however, struck the hole during a recent thunderstorm, and tore away another ten feet, bringing up water and actually producing a well.



## THE GIRL AT THE LOOM

Working by Day and  
Learning by Night

### THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO OXFORD

It is a fine thing to hear of men and women of humble birth, making their way in the world, as they always can in this wonderful land of ours.

Ruskin College, a college founded at Oxford University by the Trade Union Labour movement to provide clever working people with the advantages of the finest education, has just awarded a scholarship to a mill-girl.

Her name is Doris Grime, and she comes from Bacup, a manufacturing town near Manchester. She begins her university life this term, and will remain at Oxford for a year. The scholarship, which is of the value of £135, will be enough to cover her simple needs.

Doris has neither father nor mother, but lives with a younger sister and brother in a small cottage at the entrance to Stubbylee Hall. She has been working for years as a winder in a mill, yet she found time to go to night classes, where she studied hard to fit herself for the scholarship examination.

The result justified the high expectations of her teachers, and she is leaving the mill to take up a career, after leaving college, as a teacher of economics.

## WHERE IS DR. JENNER'S COW?

### A Curious Discussion Going On

A curious discussion is going on in the pages of the British Medical Journal as to the whereabouts of Dr. Jenner's cow, the famous cow which provided the lymph for the first inoculation against small-pox.

It appears that St. George's Hospital in London possesses the cow's hide, but the horns attached to it are not the real ones, being made of wood.

Of the actual horns the Royal College of Physicians claims to have one, mounted on a silver plate with the inscription: "The horn of a cow given by the benefactor of man, Dr. Jenner."

There are other claimants, however. One of these, Mr. G. A. Turner, possesses a pair of horns bearing a statement signed by Dr. Jenner's son to the effect that they are the horns of the original Jenner cow; while Dr. C. H. Jackman, of York, claims to have the real original horns, given by Jenner himself to Dr. Jackman's great-grandmother, whose children he had vaccinated.

It is an interesting controversy, but it is doubtful if the matter will ever be settled to the satisfaction of everybody.

## FINGER-PRINT WONDER

### How New York Identified a Man in Chicago

The new means of transmitting photographs by telephone was recently used in sending a criminal's finger-print from New York to Chicago.

A few minutes after the print had been dispatched the Chicago police wired back the name of the criminal. As no two finger-prints are alike this new means of communicating them is a valuable aid to justice.

## HERBERT STRANG'S C.N. STORY

Readers who liked Herbert Strang's thrilling story *The Heir of a Hundred Kings*, which appeared in the C.N. last year, will be glad to know that it is now available in book form.

It is published by the Oxford Press at 2s. 6d. in a particularly attractive binding. It will make a welcome Christmas gift for any boy or girl, and it is certainly one of the cheapest volumes we have seen.

## CAVES OF THE DERBYSHIRE HILLS

Were They Saxon  
Hiding-Places?

### A METHODIST MINISTER AND HIS EXPLORATIONS

Coins and ornaments a thousand years old have rewarded the 14 years' search of a Manchester Methodist minister, Rev. G. H. Wilson, in the caves of the Derbyshire Peak district.

Through all these years Mr. Wilson has been exploring the caves with the help of an acetylene bicycle lamp fed by a football bladder of water. Sometimes he remained for eight hours at a time. He has penetrated 250 feet from the hillside, through chambers often as large as a church and through long, narrow, pitch-dark passages half silted up with sand.

Once his head struck against a "cold and moving furry mass," and he found it was a cluster of bats whose winter sleep he had interrupted. They "crept with uncanny squealings about his neck and shoulders." Some human remains he left undisturbed.

The oldest of the coins are those of Coenwulf, King of Mercia, about A.D. 800. The rest are those of the Saxon kings of England from A.D. 837 to 940, including Alfred. Among the ornaments is a silver buckle nearly three inches in diameter, weighing half an ounce, and covered with fine geometrical patterns.

Mr. Wilson thinks these caves were the refuge of the Saxons fighting against the Danish invaders.

## CATHEDRAL ROOF

### Peterborough Needs £10,000

One of our most glorious architectural treasures, Peterborough Cathedral, is in fresh danger, which it will take £10,000 to avert. The repair of the bell tower and the re-hanging of the bells have been abandoned in face of new and much more pressing repairs, the need of which has just been discovered through the installation of electric lighting.

The roof is in danger of collapsing, through wet and dry rot and the depredations of the beetle, on to the wonderful painted ceilings which are the cathedral's pride. "No other European church," says Mr. Leslie Moore, the architect to the restoration committee, "possesses such wooden ceilings to the extent of Peterborough Cathedral."

The painted wood ceiling of the nave dates back to the twelfth century. Those in the transepts, still in their original position, are of at least equal importance architecturally; while the rich panelled and groined wood ceiling to the choir, executed some 300 years later, is without parallel in England for its scale.

And all these will come crashing down if the woodwork in the roofs above, rotting in the dark through the centuries, is not renewed. Unfortunately, the inadequate precautions of previous restorers, some as late as 40 years ago, have added to the present difficulties.

£22,000 has been spent on restoration work in the past four years, but it is not to be doubted that this further call will be promptly honoured.

## AMERICA'S POSTBAG

### Thousands of Millions

The immensity of the work handled by the American Postal Department is shown by some statistics issued by the United States Government.

There are 350 thousand employees, and they handle over 23 thousand million things every year. Sixteen thousand million stamps are sold in twelve months, and in that time railway mail cars travel 221 million miles. Automobiles, motor-cycles, sleds, pneumatic tubes, steamships, horses, and every conceivable type of conveyance are used, and the whole organisation is said to be the greatest business in the world.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

### What is a Dog Watch

The dog watches are the half watches on board ship of two hours each from four to six and from six to eight in the evening.

### Did Columbus Use the Compass in Crossing the Atlantic?

Yes; and he was the first man to discover its variations.

### Is Pigskin Leather Really Made From Skins?

Yes. Besides those obtained and tanned in England, there are large imports from the pig centres of America.

### How Many Delegates Attend a Convention for Selecting a Presidential Candidate?

At the 1924 Convention to select a Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States 1109 delegates attended.

### Where are the South Sea Islands and How Many are There?

South Sea Islands is a loose, general term for Polynesia, the thousands of islands of varying size scattered about the South Pacific.

### How Many Trade Unionists Are There in the World?

The Labour International Year Book for 1923 gives the total for all countries as 21,991,615, Germany leading with 8,417,200 and Great Britain being next with 6,559,933.

### What is an Erne?

Erne is a name given to the white-tailed sea eagle, the only member of its group found in Great Britain. It is a brownish bird with a white tail and is about three feet long.

### How Can I Get Rid of Slugs?

Soot and lime, or salt and lime, or lime and caustic soda, destroy them. Write to the Board of Agriculture, Whitehall, for their very useful leaflet Number 132.

### What Makes the Winds Change?

The general winds of the Earth are caused by the unequal warming of different parts of the Earth by the Sun, but the exact manner in which they arise and the reason for their distribution and change are not yet clearly understood by science.

### Which is the Largest Ship in the World?

The Majestic, 915 feet 5 inches long, is the largest; the Leviathan, 100 feet 3 inches wide, the widest; and the Olympic, 59 feet 5 inches, the deepest. The Leviathan has the greatest tonnage, 59,957 against the 56,551 of the Majestic, which is second.

### How Much Cubic Space of Air Should Each Person in a Living Room Have?

Dr. Landois in his Text-Book of Human Physiology says it may be assumed that a sufficient renewal of the air in living rooms will be assured if 800 cubic feet of space be allowed for every inmate of a room, and about 1000 cubic feet for every sick person.

### What Causes Forest Fires?

Sometimes they are caused maliciously by evil-disposed persons setting light to the undergrowth; at other times they result from the carelessness of people who are cooking their food; and at other times they are caused by lightning. Generally they occur after a long spell of sunny weather, when everything is very dry.

### Are Bibles Written on Scrolls in Hebrew Used in England Now?

In Jewish synagogues the Law, that is the whole of the Pentateuch, or Books of Moses, is kept in the form of a scroll of parchment with the words written, not printed, in Hebrew characters. This is the copy from which a portion of the Law is read every Sabbath day.

### Which Town First Had Tramways?

Collieries had iron tramways for the coal trucks before any town had a tramway. In 1801 a tramway was completed between Croydon and Wandsworth, suburbs of London, but this was for various vehicles and not for tramcars in the modern sense. The first English tramway with tramcars for passengers was opened at Birkenhead, on August 30, 1860, by Mr. Train, who had previously established tramways in New York.

### What is a Time Zone?

As the Earth rotates on its axis time changes according to the longitude, and places varying in distance east and west of a given place have different times according to the Sun. To overcome the inconvenience of this, time zones, or belts, are established and all the places within a given zone keep the same clock time. Each meridian of longitude divisible by 15 is taken and the belt bounded by meridians 7½ degrees on each side takes its time from the central meridian.

## ARIES THE RAM

### THE FIRST SIGN OF THE ZODIAC

Giant Sun Approaching the  
Earth at Over 500 Miles a Minute

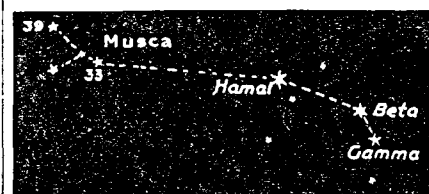
### THE FLY IN THE SKY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Aries the Ram is now high up in the south-eastern sky after about 8 p.m., and in the east earlier in the evening.

Much interest is attached to this small but very ancient constellation, the first, in order, of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

The three chief stars of Aries are Hamal, Sheratan, or Beta, in Aries, and Mesarthim, or Gamma, in Aries. They are very easily identified, their position being to the right of and above the Pleiades:



The chief stars of the Ram and the Fly

and they are arranged in the simple figure shown in our star map. Hamal, the brightest of the stars of Aries, though appearing to us as but a little star of the second magnitude, is, nevertheless, an immense sun with a diameter probably twelve times the size of our Sun.

Spectroscopic analysis of Hamal's light shows it to be, although larger, a sun of very similar type to our own Sun, but not quite so bright area for area, every square yard of Hamal radiating into space between 12 and 20 per cent less light. Nevertheless, it has been calculated that, taking into account Hamal's immense distance, it radiates altogether about 140 times more light than our own Sun does; therefore that sun must have at least 150 times the surface area of our Sun, and 1,800,000 times the surface area of our Earth.

Of course the estimates as to size depend entirely on accurate calculations of the star's distance. These, according to trigonometrical measurements, indicate that Hamal is about seven million times as far off as our Sun, and that his light has taken 108 years to reach us. But some calculations place Hamal nearer to us, in which case this sun will prove to be smaller.

It has also been discovered that Hamal is approaching us at the rate of 552 miles a minute, yet, in spite of this, there is such an immense distance separating us that the star does not appear perceptibly brighter than it did two centuries ago!

### Light's Journey Through Space

Beta in Aries is a smaller sun of a type similar to Sirius, and about the same size, only much farther off and about 3,700,000 times the distance of our Sun. Its light takes 57 years to reach us, whereas light from Sirius takes but 8½ years, Sirius being approximately twice the diameter of our Sun.

Gamma in Aries is one of the most wonderful and impressive of the Ram's stars, as it is composed of two suns. These may be quite easily seen through a small telescope. Their distance appears to be far greater than Hamal or Beta in Aries, but is, at present, undetermined.

Some way to the left of Hamal will be seen a small group of four stars. They are generally regarded as being in the constellation of Aries, but actually represent the tiny constellation of Musca, the Fly, which in the star formation is about to alight on the Ram's back.

The stars are all small and are known by numbers. The one marked 33 is composed of two suns; while 39 appears to be an immense sun at such a remote distance that its light has taken 270 years to reach us.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Venus is in the east; in the evening Mars and Uranus are in the south; Jupiter is in the south-west.



# THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of  
a School by the Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges  
the C. N. Storyteller

## What Has Happened Before

Mr. Russell Arnold, a schoolmaster, inherits Salthorpe School. He and his sister Bess meet Jack Seagrave, a boy employed by Farmer Soper, whose land adjoins Salthorpe.

Mr. Jarvis, the assistant master, advises Mr. Arnold to raise money for the school by selling 200 acres of land to Soper, but Mr. Arnold makes an enemy of the farmer. Jack Seagrave suggests that the school should farm the land, and Mr. Arnold makes him a pupil at Salthorpe.

At the suggestion of Mr. Jarvis, Jack is kidnapped by Soper's brother, who owns a steam trawler. Gerald Darcy, Jack's friend, discovers that he is missing and pursues the trawler in a motor-boat. Soper and Jarvis also arrange to send a launch in chase to try to take Jack off the trawler.

## CHAPTER 25

### Caught!

JACK had gone down to the cows as usual just before six, and had found them grazing close under the sea-wall. As he walked towards them he saw a man on the sea-wall walking slowly with his head bent down. The stranger, who looked like a sailor, went a little way, then turned and came back. He did not seem to see Jack.

Jack noticed his worried look, and stopped.

"What's up?" he asked. "Anything I can do for you?"

The man looked up.

"I've lost my pipe," he said. "I were resting here, having a smoke, and I reckon I went to sleep and my pipe dropped out of my mouth. When I woke I seed my mate coming for me in the dinghy and I got up in a hurry. Now I can't find it."

Jack scrambled up the bank.

"My eyes are pretty good," he said good-naturedly. "Perhaps I can find it."

"It's kind o' ye," said the other. "Mebbe it's rolled down the far side."

"Hurry up, Bill," came a voice, and as Jack reached the top of the wall he saw a second man in a dinghy pulled up on the Saltings, and noticed a trawler lying a little way out. He began to grope in the thick grass which covered the wall, and suddenly spotted the missing pipe lying a little way down the far slope.

"Why, here it is!" he exclaimed; then, as he stooped to pick it up, a sack was flung over his head and a pair of powerful arms gripped him and flung him down.

"I got him, Sam," he heard Bill say.

Jack struggled furiously, but he was half suffocated by the sack and had not a chance.

"Keep still," growled Bill angrily. "Keep still, can't ye, or I'll hurt ye."

A great hand closed round the nape of his neck, crushing his face into the ground, and Jack had sense enough to realise that fighting would only make matters worse.

"Be sharp, Sam," he heard Bill say, and between them the two tied and gagged him, then lifted him and carried him across the muddy Saltings and dumped him into the boat.

The sack was still over his head, so it was only by the sounds that he knew what was happening.

"Some of Soper's work," was the thought that shot through his brain as he was rowed out. "What an ass I've been to let myself get caught like this, especially after the warning I had from Darcy."

Presently the dinghy bumped against the iron side of the trawler, and Jack heard another voice.

"Got him, have ye?" it said gruffly. "That's right. Shove him aboard quick afore anyone see him."

Jack was lifted bodily aboard, carried below, and thrown roughly down on hard planks. A hatch fell with a crash and he was left alone. Rolling over, he discovered that he was free of the sack, and thus able to breathe more easily.

He found himself in almost complete darkness in a place which simply reeked of fish, and knew that his prison was the fish-hold of a trawler. Next minute came the clank of the chain as the anchor was got in, then the engine started, and the vessel began to quiver as she moved out across the calm sea.

Jack's first idea was, of course, to free himself, but he very soon found that Bill and Sam had made much too good a job of the knots to give him any chance of loosening them. There was nothing to do but to remain still and wait for what would happen.

But though his body was helpless his mind was active as ever. Jack was no stupid, and he was certain that he had Soper or Jarvis—probably both—to thank for his present plight. They were afraid of him and meant to get rid of him, and it was not long before he had come to the perfectly correct solution that he was to be landed somewhere at a distance, and left there without any way of getting back. "Holland, most likely," he said to himself, and just then the hatch was lifted and light shone down into his darksome prison.

## CHAPTER 26

### The Chase

BILL's face appeared in the opening, and the man dropped down on to the narrow floor.

"Skipper says as ye can come out o' that and help the cook," he remarked as he took the cork out of Jack's mouth. "You willing?"

Jack had already made up his mind that it was no use making a fuss.

"I've got no choice," he answered quietly.

"That's a fact," said the other with a hard grin. "You behave yourself and you won't come to no harm."

In a few minutes Jack was free, and he followed Bill up on to the deck. He glanced round quickly, but by this time the English coast was only a dim line on the western horizon.

Bill chuckled harshly.

"Bit too far to swim," he remarked. "There's the galley. Now go right in and peel the spuds, and ef ye does it right, mebbe there'll be some supper for ye. But you try anything"—his voice was a sudden growl—"you try anything, and see what happens."

Jack would dearly have liked to try something, but he had too much sense, so without a word he went into the little galley, where a sour-faced cook set him to peeling a great bowl of potatoes.

Having finished this job he was curtly ordered to lay supper, and soundly cuffed because he did not know where to find the mugs and the plates.

At last, after the crew had fed, he was allowed to make a meal of what was left over, and was then set to washing up. He was busy at this task when he heard a shout from forward. The cook was out of the way for the moment, so Jack ventured to look out, and the first thing he saw was a good-sized launch coming straight for the trawler. She was still a good two miles away, but by the feather of water under her bows and the trail of snowy wake aft was evidently travelling very fast.

The man named Sam was at the wheel. He shouted, and next moment the skipper came running up. Jack had already noticed his likeness to Jabez Soper, and had drawn his own conclusions.

"See that there launch?" said Sam excitedly. "If you asks me, she's arter us."

The skipper gazed at her a moment, made an ugly remark, and rang the engine-room telegraph for full speed.

"That ain't no good," said Sam disdainfully. "She can do two knots to our one."

"That don't matter," retorted the skipper. "We can dodge her. Look over there."

He pointed eastwards, and Jack, glancing in the same direction, noticed a bank of sea mist lying white and heavy across the calm evening sea.

"Head right for that there lump of fog," continued the skipper; and Sam at once put the wheel over.

They were firing-up down below, and Jack felt the whole of the rusty hull quiver as the beats of the screw quickened. The launch, too, saw what the trawler was about, and began to make signals.

Sam spotted them.

"Skipper," he said, "they're asking us to heave-to. They says they got a message for us."

"You bet they got a message!" growled the skipper. "Don't pay no attention to 'em. It's that there schoolmaster chap has got wise someways."

Jack's heart beat hard. Was it really possible that Mr. Arnold had in some way learned what had happened, and that he was in pursuit? It did not seem possible, yet evidently that was the skipper's idea.

He watched the launch, and saw that she was being driven at top speed. But she was still more than a mile away. He glanced at the fog bank which was now only a few hundred yards distant. His heart sank, for, barring accidents, it seemed certain that the trawler would reach it before the launch could come up.

## CHAPTER 27

### In the Fog

ALREADY there was a slight dimness in the air and the blue sky was turning to grey.

Once more Jack looked towards the launch. It was still visible, but her lines were no longer distinct. A man was standing up in her bow vigorously signalling in Morse, but though Jack knew something of the code, he could not follow out the message.

Every instant the launch grew dimmer, then the blue sky vanished

## The Empire Waiting for Men

IN the estates of the British Empire overseas are many allotments. Some are on sandy soil; on some the thorns and weeds grow apace, and some, as the estate agents say, are ripe for development.

THE allotments are very far from being all taken up. There are almost as many different sets of conditions as there are places waiting. But one thing they all want. *They want men.*

ONE of the biggest obstacles to putting the estate into working order is that, though there are plenty of allotments and plenty of men, the two cannot easily be brought together.

In My Magazine for November, now on sale everywhere, is outlined an ingenious scheme for developing the Empire's empty spaces, a scheme in which every man is considered as actual working capital.

altogether, and so did everything else beyond a radius of a few hundred yards.

Jack realised that the trawler skipper was right, and that he had reached the belt of fog ahead of his pursuer. At once the course was changed, and with her engines working at reduced speed the trawler turned her bow in a southerly direction.

"Fooled 'em!" Jack heard the skipper chuckle presently, and his heart went to his boots, for now the fog hid the trawler so effectually that it seemed impossible she would be sighted again.

She drove on steadily, but did not pass through the fog. On the contrary, it got thicker and thicker. It was wet stuff, too, for the moisture collected on the shrouds and fell in big drops upon the deck. It was a grey world, with nothing visible beyond a radius of some fifty or sixty yards.

By now it was getting late. The Sun had set and the light was beginning to fail.

The skipper spoke again.

"I reckon we're all right now. Better get her on her course again, Sam."

Almost as he spoke the hoarse bellow of a fog-horn roared faintly out of the surrounding gloom.

"One of them dratted cargo boats!" growled the skipper. "Sam, I'll take the wheel. Go below, and tell Ben not to sound our horn unless I gives him the order."

Sam stepped to the hatch, and, as he disappeared, the big steamer's fog-horn sounded again and nearer.

Jack did not pay much attention to it, for he was still peering through the murk in the hope of spotting the launch. But there was no sign of it.

Another sound came out of the fog. It was the distant barking of a dog, and it came from a different direction from that in which the fog-horn had sounded.

Jack guessed that there were two craft in the neighbourhood of the trawler; and so did the skipper, for he was staring round in every direction, and looking anything but happy.

Sam came up again, and, as he passed the galley, Jack heard him growl to himself, "We'd ought to be sounding our horn. Tain't right taking risks like this here." And now for the first time Jack began to feel a little uncomfortable.

Suddenly came the fog-horn again, a tremendous blare of sound that made Jack jump.

He darted out of the galley, and, to his horror, saw a great ship driving straight down upon the trawler. Her tall, steel bows towered cliff-like above the little fishing vessel.

"Look out!" he heard Sam shout. "Look out! She's right on top of us!"

Now the trawler's horn began tooting violently, and at the same time the skipper flung the wheel over, whirling the spokes with all his might.

The swift turn over of the wheel gave the trawler a wrench that threatened to pull the very rivets out of her, and the whole ship seemed to groan beneath the strain.

For a moment Jack thought that they were clear, but it was too late.

Next moment, with a grinding crash, the big steamer struck the trawler abaft the bow, and Jack felt her roll over beneath the tremendous impact.

The trawler heeled right over, so that her deck suddenly took a slope like that of a house-roof, and Jack went reeling down it, grabbing helplessly at anything to give him a hold. He heard yells and screams from the trawler's crew, and saw the two engine-men come tearing up on deck. All around them was a babel of sound—the cracking of wood, the grinding of steel plates against one another, and the "snap" of the trawler's main mast as it broke off and fell crashing into the water. Then, in a moment, he was in the sea swimming for dear life.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Victory

A FEW years ago, in a wild and desolate part of Serbia, the brigand chiefs were out with their men.

They were desperate, disbanded soldiers, whose only reward, after years of fighting against their country's enemies, was to find themselves forced to fight again as highway robbers, taking toll of passing travellers for a living.

Their headquarters were between the mountains and the sea. Here they robbed and murdered without restraint, and travellers took their lives in their hands when they passed through this part of the country.

But Cecil Cloud, a brave Quaker boy, bent on an errand of mercy, was not to be deterred by the stories of murder and robbery. He and his friends had heard how sickness and desolation were wasting the people of Serbia and Albania, and they determined to bring supplies of food and medicine to the stricken people.

They made their headquarters at Petch, a town of 30,000 inhabitants lying at the foot of the high mountain passes between Serbia and the Adriatic sea coast. From here they would proceed with their convoys to bring relief wherever it might be wanted.

They were advised to take precautions, to arm themselves, for without arms their lives and their goods would not be worth a moment's purchase on the long journey between Petch and Milrovica, the port on the Adriatic where their supplies were landed. But Cecil Cloud looked with surprise at those who were advising him in this fashion.

"Why should I be armed?" he asked. "I came here to help the Serbian people, not to shoot them!"

So he went his way. It took three days by ox-wagon to do the journey. The road lay over hillsides from which the timber had been cut, leaving only wretched stumps and underbrush. And it was from here, in the stillness of the night, that the command came to halt.

A band of wild-looking men rode up. This was fine prey. Not a single shot had answered their challenge to halt.

But instead, a fair-haired boy came forward, smiling, and speaking to them in broken French. His greeting astonished them.

"We are the Quakers. We have come to help you."

The fierce brigands looked at their leader, waiting for his orders. A word from him, and all would be finished.

The word came.

"Monsieur, we know the Quakers. No one shall harm you or yours. We ask pardon for firing on you. Good-night." And the wild troop galloped away.

The Quakers came and went month after month on their errand of mercy: they had won their victory without the sword.





# The Sailing Clouds Go By Like Ships Upon the Sea



## DR. MERRYMAN

A BOY walked into a cobbler's shop with a very ancient pair of boots and said:

"Please, Mother said can you mend these boots?"

"Well," replied the cobbler thoughtfully, "tell your mother that if she has a new pair of uppers and has them soled and heeled they will be as good as new. There is nothing much wrong with the laces."

□ □ □

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

THE tears ran down that fair child's face,

My whole is in his hand, His little mind is sore perplexed

That whole to understand. Oh! were it but my first, he thinks,

He would not cry and fret, For then he's sure that very soon

My second he could get.

*Solution next week*

□ □ □

WHAT is it that we all like to have but none of us like to keep?

A good appetite.

□ □ □

### Whipping the Top

"STRANGE!" sighed Mother; "Johnny seems to be such a bad boy at school."

"Only in the playground," said Father. "He's right enough in school, and beats all the rest at their lessons."

"Oh, yes," Mother agreed, "his master says he is always the top of his class."

"Perhaps," said Father grimly, "that's why the master is always whipping him!"

□ □ □

### Is Your Name Maycock?

THE meaning of the suffix Cock in surnames is not quite clear, but Dr. Weekley, the great expert in the science of names, believes that it is merely a diminutive, so that Maycock would mean Little May, just as Alcock means Little Allen, and Hitchcock Little Richard.

May is a personal or surname, and probably comes from the French Mahieu.

□ □ □

### A Hidden Word Puzzle



The first two letters of each of the words represented by these pictures will spell, when properly arranged, the name of something that passes from one friend to another on festive occasions. Can you find out what it is?

□ □ □

WHY is a railway time-table very much like human life?

Because it has many ups and downs.

□ □ □

### No Reasonable Offer Refused

MR. BLACK: "That is a dreadful cold you have! What are you taking for it?"

Mr. White: "I'll take anything you like to offer. Do you want it?"

A LITTLE girl who was asked to say what drawing is replied: "It is just thinking, and then marking round the think with a pencil."

□ □ □

### Pride Has a Fall



A PERFECT dandy in his way Is Snap, without a doubt, And most particular in dress

Whenever he goes out. Passing a pond not long ago

A common frog he spied, "Now is my chance," he told him-

self, To sneer and put on side."

But Froggy over him a shower Of muddy water threw.

"That is the way," he croaked, "to take

The starch, sir, out of you!"

□ □ □

WHO was the only king crowned in England since the Conquest?

James the First, who was King of Scotland before he was crowned King of England.

□ □ □

### Through Oriental Eyes

A CHINESE traveller, on returning to his own country after a journey in Europe, wrote this description of a piano:

The Europeans keep a large four-legged animal which they can make to sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal, and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than a bird's, is pleasant to listen to. The animal does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up.

□ □ □

WHEN does a lady knit without using knitting-needles?

When she knits her brows.

□ □ □

### Do You Know Me?

I AM a curious little thing,

'With neither feather, fin, nor wing,

'Tis doubtful if I ever think, But probably I sometimes drink.

I live alone; my house is small, With neither window, door, nor hall;

The walls are delicately white Like Orient pearl, and smooth and bright.

Poets my praise have often sung In English or in foreign tongue;

Yet man—that monster of creation—

Commits on me sad depredation. So now, fair friend, my name

declare, And of like cruel acts beware.

□ □ □

WHAT animal is always three feet long? A yard dog.

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Do You Know Me? The article "an"

A Puzzle in Rhyme I-van-hoe

What Is It? The letter X

Who Was He? The Father of Botany was Carl Linnaeus.

## Jacko Helps on the Farm

IT was a bad moment for Jacko when he had to tell the farmer that he had lost his pig. Of course he had to explain how the stupid thing had taken fright, had dashed along the line, had been caught up in the mail bag and whisked away at sixty miles an hour.

The farmer was quite nice about it. He roared, and, to Jacko's infinite relief, took it as a first-rate joke.

"I like a boy who can tell the truth," he said, slapping Jacko on the back. And he told him to keep his shilling, and said no doubt the pig would turn up.

It did, too, as the railway authorities kept it at the next station till it was claimed. And the farmer was so pleased that he told Jacko he would give him a job any time he cared to come and ask for it.

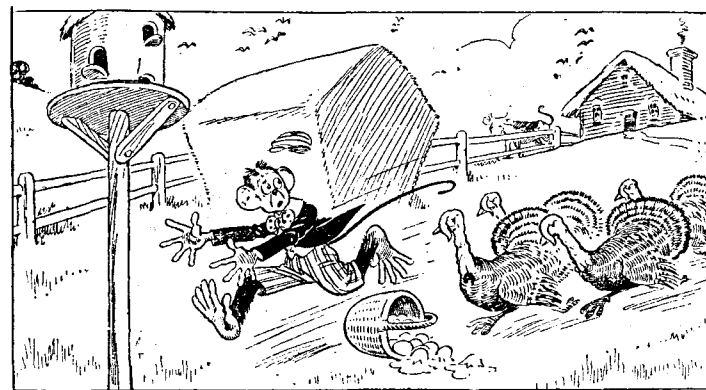
"Thank you," said Jacko. "I'll come right enough—the very first time I'm hard up," he added to himself.

Jacko told his family all about it that evening. They were delighted for him to have a new friend, but wondered how long it would last. As Adolphus said, you never knew what Jacko would do next.

But Mr. Jacko thought a little farm work would be the making of him, and told Adolphus to be good enough not to sneer at his brother.

"I'm very glad for Jacko to have such an opportunity," he said. "I am sure he will be a success."

And the very next day Jacko was up at the farm asking for



They came after Jacko, making a fearful gobbling noise

a job. The farmer seemed surprised to see him so soon, and told him he must be a good, hard-working boy.

"There are not many wants to work nowadays," he said. "What with all the new-fangled ideas."

He soon found a job for Jacko. And a very nice job it was, too. He was given a little basket, and told to collect the eggs out of the fowl-run.

It was just what Jacko liked. The fowls scurried all over the place, and there was a terrific clucking. And the more noise they made, the better Jacko liked it!

He soon filled his basket with eggs, and was crossing the farmyard to take them in to the farmer's wife, when he caught sight of some turkeys. They were being fattened up for Christmas, and were really enormous birds.

Jacko couldn't resist going after them. He got a long stick and prodded them gently from behind to make them go faster. It didn't appear to have much effect on them.

"They're too fat to run!" he jeered.

But they weren't; for they suddenly turned round and came after Jacko, making a fearful gobbling noise. And they came so fast that Jacko dropped the basket of eggs and went up the first thing he came to.

It happened to be the pigeon cote. And he had to stay there, hanging on for dear life, till the farmer came and drove the turkeys away!

## Ici on Parle Français



Le réservoir Le modèle Le château  
On a creusé un nouveau réservoir  
Le modèle ne fait aucun mouvement  
Ce château n'a jamais été pris



Un oignon Les genoux Un égouttoir  
L'oignon est une plante potagère  
Viens t'asseoir sur mes genoux  
Les assiettes sont dans l'égouttoir

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1924	1923
London	6510	6846
Glasgow	1907	1991
Manchester	1134	1161
Dublin	889	815
Leeds	689	643
Edinburgh	662	674
Bristol	517	545
Leicester	313	340
Swansea	256	249
St. Hampton	251	244
Exeter	75	73
Luton	66	74

The four weeks are up to Sept. 27, 1924

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Early Bird

THE boys were making such a fuss.

"Did you hear, Ann?" they cried. "We are to get up at five o'clock to pick mushrooms."

Ann was busy sewing her doll's dress.

"At five o'clock," said Ann scornfully, "you'll be snoring. Who was late for breakfast yesterday?"

The Twins came close to Ann's chair.

"Yesterday there was nothing to get up for," said Ted.

"Susan says if we bump our heads five times against the wall tonight we are sure to wake," said Tom. But both boys looked anxious.

"I always wake early," said Ann, calmly; "but you won't, however much you bump your sleepy heads."

"Not if you call us," said Tom. And then the coaxing began.

In the end Ann promised to call them the moment she woke, for she always woke as the big clock in the hall struck five.

"Don't forget to put away your new doll's tea set," Mother called out, as the children's supper-bell rang. "It's on a box in the playroom and could easily be knocked over."

But Ann was reading an interesting story, and the tea set was forgotten.

The clock was striking five when Ann opened her eyes the next morning. Of course she ought to have jumped up, as she had promised; but she was so snug and cosy that she rolled over for "just five minutes more" — and fell asleep!

Tom and Ted woke her, scampering past her door on the stairs.

Ann was dreadfully ashamed. She dressed quickly, and ran down to the playroom. And suddenly she stopped short



It was smashed to bits

On the floor lay the beautiful tea set, smashed to bits.

Of course the boys had done it—by leaving the window open in their hurry, and letting the dog in.

But it was nobody's fault but Ann's.

The boys were splendid about it. Instead of teasing her, and saying it served her right, they gave her the biggest share of the mushrooms and half the money in their money box to buy another tea set.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 25, 1924

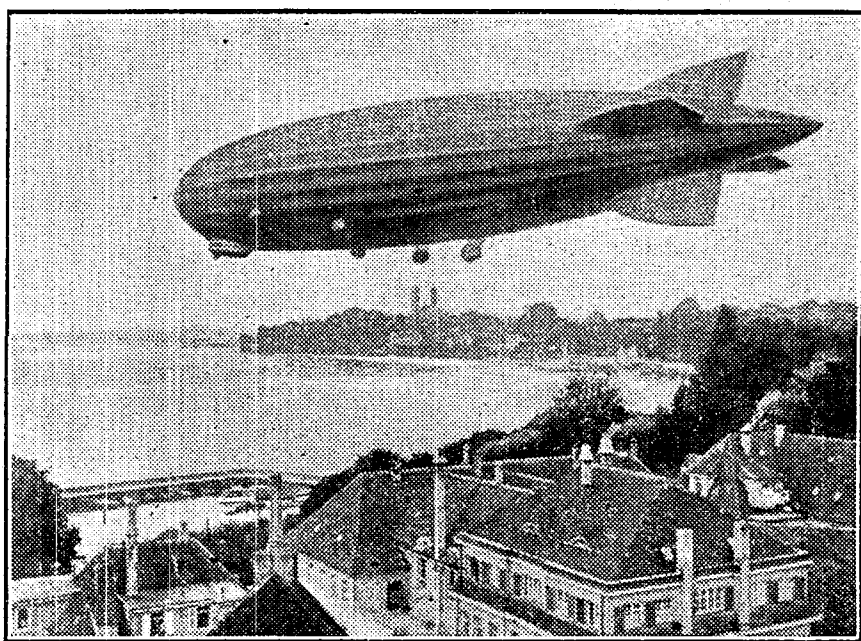
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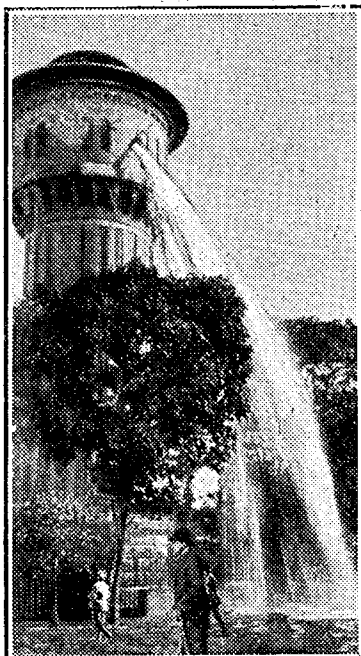
## U.S.A.'s NEW ZEPPELIN · SAILOR'S KANGAROO · WINTER SPORTS ON A ROOF



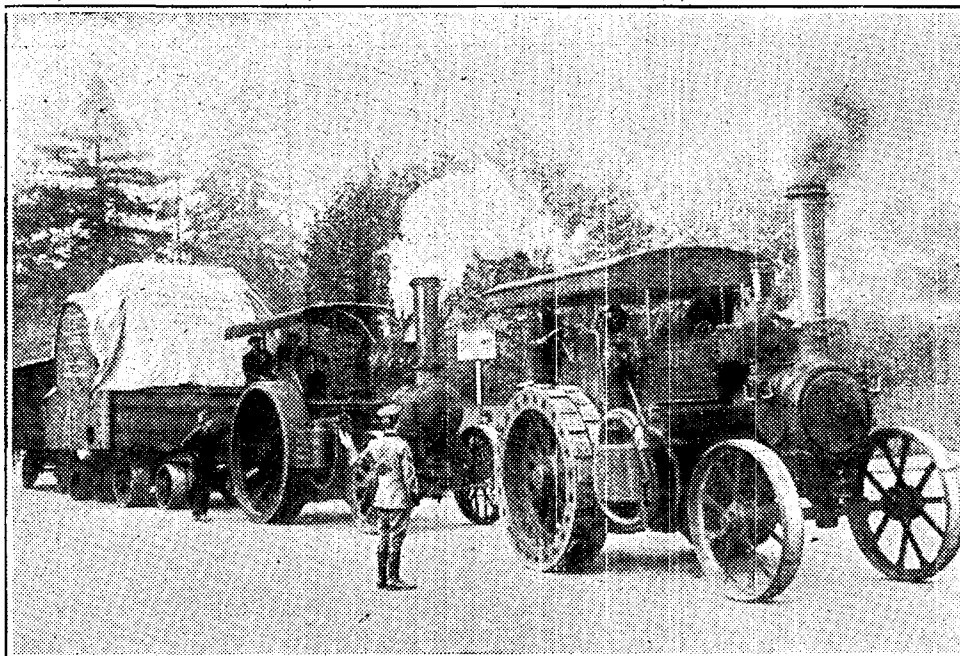
**New Colours for the Scouts and Cubs**—Scouts and Cubs of the Glasgow troops marching past their new colours after attending a service in the Cathedral, where the colours were dedicated. Thousands of boys took part in the parade and were watched by large crowds



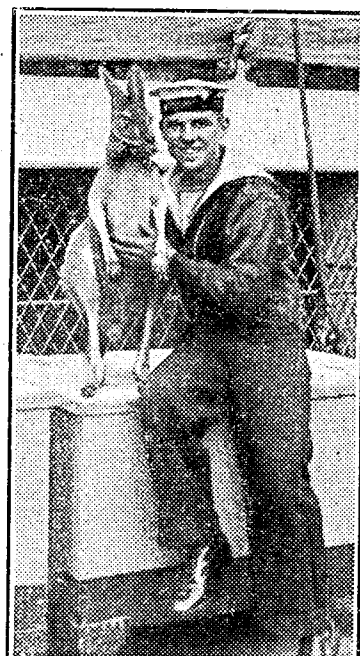
**America's New German Zeppelin**—The new German-built Zeppelin Z R 3 photographed during her trial flight in Europe previous to making the journey across the Atlantic to U.S.A. She embodies many new improvements, and is expected to attain great speed



**A Strange Waterfall**—Water pouring from a great water tower in Sao Paulo, Brazil, which was badly damaged during the recent rebellion



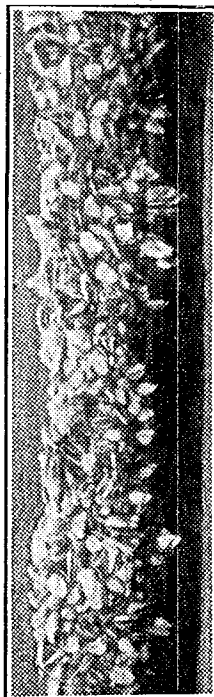
**The Giant Comes to London**—A huge 15,000-kilowatt generator, weighing over 65 tons, being brought to London from Birmingham by road. It was one of the heaviest loads ever placed on a British road, and at different parts of the route several traction engines had to be used. It travelled at ten miles a day and almost filled the narrow streets. The generator was made for the Marylebone Borough Council



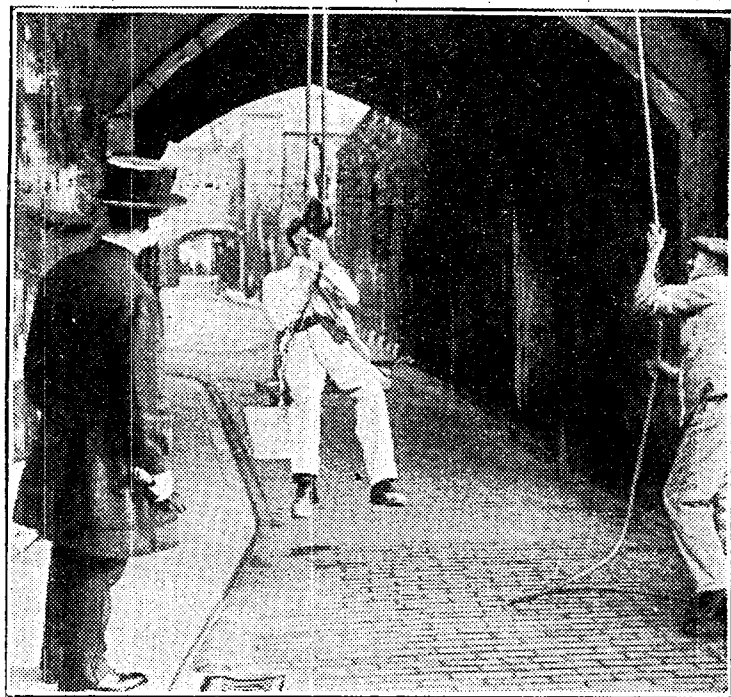
**The Sailor's Kangaroo**—This kangaroo was presented to one of the ships of the Navy's Special Squadron that recently returned from its world voyage



**Winter Sports on a London Roof**—One of the big London stores has arranged real ice on its roof, and there gives displays of winter sports costumes, worn by real people on skates, skis, and toboggans



**Barnacles Come to Town**—This cluster of barnacles from a wreck has lately arrived at the Zoo. See page 4



**Cleaning Up the Tower of London**—The cleaners are at work in the Tower of London, and here we see a Beefeater interested in the methods of the workmen who are engaged on the Byward Tower

## TWO BROTHERS AND THEIR WAY THROUGH LIFE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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